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This Week

With the logic and irony of which only a Frenchman is capable, M. Robert Masson, Manager of the Crédit Lyonnais, presents his country's cause — financial and otherwise. He proves that the Treaty of Versailles was positively soft-hearted and that Germany's failure to live up to her part of the agreement is a piece of flagrant ingratitude. The speech closes with a plea to the United States to loosen up and an assurance that the French Treasury is not going to inflate its currency.

* * *

The very idea of Italy plus Japan gives Mr. Ratto a fine chance to display his talents as romanticist in the glorious field of international intrigue. He sketches a gaudy picture of high diplomacy between nations, races, and powers, vertebrate and invertebrate. As is usual in articles of this type, there is enough truth to make it amusing.

* * *

The suspicions of the sophisticated will be aroused by Mr. Götz's first statement to the effect that he was in no condition, physically or morally, to write the letter that appears over his name. These suspicions will be strengthened by his entertaining account of the attempted Ludendorff and Hitler coup. The party started in various bars and ended in a gruesome massacre. Von Kahr was the villain of the piece, but all the sober actors rushed off the stage too fast to qualify as heroes.

* * *

New Turkey is all very well in its way; it has acted on the vital questions of liquor and women after a fashion that would appeal to the State Legislatures of the Corn Belt. But when it comes to moving the capital from Constantinople to Angora a polished minority protests.

* * *

Nietzsche's objections to Christianity seem to have risen from a misconception of the true faith. Dr. Lohmann takes great pains to show that these objections reveal more sensitiveness than irreverence, more brilliance than cussedness.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FRANC CRISIS

THE French currency crisis, which was the outstanding feature of the foreign situation for several weeks, was accompanied by a remarkable reversal in the economic relations of France and Germany. In fact, Germans took shrewd advantage of the — at least temporary — stabilization of their own currency to buy heavily in France. According to the London *Economic Review of the Foreign Press:* —

At Bordeaux the wine cellars are being emptied; in the north the remnants of textile stocks are being snapped up and the Roubaix district is undergoing an invasion of foreign commercial travelers. Lyon silk is being largely bought, and from Eastern France furniture, textile fabrics, and motors are being sent across the frontier. . . . The Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux has passed a resolution calling attention of their members to the necessity of doing business with Germans for cash only, payable in francs, and of selling them only commodities or products not essential to the national existence; and also urging them to make known to the Government and to the committee of experts at present studying the question of Reparations the extent of these purchases, as proof of the existence of considerable holdings by Germans of foreign securities, either in German banks or in foreign financial establishments.

La Journée Industrielle regarded this situation as a natural consequence of the depreciation of the franc. The Germans were buying French goods on speculation before prices rise to the level of exchange. A correspondent in *Information Financière* wrote: —

Quite recently Germans have spent in the Gironde 30,000,000 francs on the purchase, at high prices, of vintage wines entitled to special designations of their origin. They are also endeavoring to purchase the future grape-crop at good prices, in spite of the impossibility of foretelling the quality of the wine. In Burgundy an agent from Frankfort is purchasing all the vintage wine he can find, provided that it is accompanied by a certificate of year and origin. This sudden access of purchasing is not surprising and is the regular consequence of the depreciation of the exchange. Already before the previous fall in the franc foreign purchasers were availing themselves of the opportunity to purchase French goods. For some time the crucial fact has been noted that home prices follow the fall of the franc only after a certain interval, and in this disparity between prices and the exchange lie the provisional profits of foreign importers and French exporters. The essential is to make profits while this disparity lasts; hence the haste.

Discussing the policies that have brought French finance to its disastrous straits, the editor of the *Statist*

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writes: 'Had France not spent a considerable part of her prospective Reparations in advance, by including such in her budget, as anticipated receipts, and had she adopted a rate of taxation more in accordance with her international and home obligations, and been less lavish in military expenditure, this collapse in her exchange would not have occurred.' The Paris correspondent of the same journal adds that French pessimism was more largely responsible than foreign pessimism for the precipitate collapse of the franc: —

> The feature of the money market has been the scarcity of offerings of Anglo-Saxon currencies and the abundance of demands. May one not reasonably conclude, therefore, that French holders of dollars and sterling refuse to part with them and that French holders of francs are all eager to exchange them for something more stable? The theory that the trouble is simply due to the effect abroad of the Chamber's obstruction to the Government's financial reforms is not convincing in the absence of any heavy foreign sales of French currency. On the other hand, it would certainly seem that nervousness over the franc is now far more acute here than abroad. Are we not going through another chapter in the history of the flight from the franc?

Naturally — as the cable dispatches abundantly informed us — the financial panic threatened the security of the Government. The Paris correspondent of the London *Economist* wrote: —

> The outcome of this greatly aggravated situation has been what might have been expected by all who are familiar with the French temperament, as exemplified in certain kinds of critical situations. There is a continued failure on the part of either the leaders of the nation or the great mass of the public to realize the real facts of the situation and the real cause of the difficulties facing the country; all sorts of wild remedies, from lottery loans to the expulsion of foreigners who are guilty of following the example of their French colleagues and dealing in exchange, are being suggested on every hand; and there is an apparently growing inclination to make the existing Government a scapegoat, and to hold it responsible for the financial shortcomings of all its predecessors since the war began. It may be stated frankly that, in spite of his immense personal authority in the country, the fall of M. Poincaré is now regarded by many people as a probability of the near future, and many newspapers during the past few days have openly stated that the real problem of the hour is the difficulty of finding his successor.

The French press, if we except the ultra-Radical and Communist dailies, was not lavish either in advice or in criticism. The Directors of L'Union des Intérêts Économiques called upon the business organizations of the country to take resolute action to check the panic, and at the same time to oppose hasty and premature remedies. 'The exchange crisis must not be used as a pretext to shift responsibility, to hamper still further our economic freedom, or to cast suspicion of profiteering upon merchants and manufacturers.' The Directors further recommended the following specific measures: radical reduction of public expenditures and placing the state railways on a paying basis; the sale or reorganization of certain government monopolies, especially the telephone system; balancing the budget, including the reconstruction budget, by levying higher taxes on all classes of citizens; the stabilization of the franc by a definite policy of amortizing the public debt; and, last of all, a foreign loan raised 'principally in America' to enable the country to combat the manœuvres of foreign speculators.

The Comité d'Études de la Production et des Économies believes that France had a deficit in her foreign trade for 1923, including invisible exports and imports and the receipts from tourists, double the adverse bal-

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ance shown in the official returns, or four billion francs.

Even then no account has been taken of the fact that in the period 1918–1920 the deficit on the French commercial balance totaled 60,000 billions, of which at least one quarter, or 15,000 billions, has not yet been got rid of. It is these fifteen or twenty billions of commercial floating debt which enable the foreigner to manipulate the franc. The only way to get rid of this deficit is to export, and to export we must produce more.

While the French Cabinet survived the collapse of foreign exchange, the Belgian Cabinet was less fortunate, and Premier Theunis, after being in charge of the Government for twenty-six months, — though with one brief resignation in the interval over the Flemish University question, — was forced to hand in his resignation, and, while he is still carrying on, his reconstructed Cabinet is considered a temporary makeshift. *Journal des Débats* says that the defeat came on the ratification of a commercial treaty with France, which the Socialists opposed on the ground that it hampered Belgium's freedom to negotiate with Germany. The Flemish Party, which united with the Socialists to overthrow the Ministry, presumably sympathized with this attitude, and both parties had never concealed their opposition to Belgium's sharing in the occupation of the Ruhr. Both these parties have won political prestige because they have predicted from the first that the Government's Ruhr policy would eventually increase the cost of living in Belgium.

Het Laatste Nieuws, a Brussels Liberal daily, discusses this aspect of the political crisis as follows: —

We hold that the Franco-Belgian agreement does not increase our security in the least, as we have not succeeded in having it confirmed by England. Such one-sided arrangements are calculated to give France the impression that she can do what she pleases with Belgium, and that we are incapable of defending our interests, even when our security is at stake. The Franco-Belgian military agreement is the most serious defect in our foreign policy, and explains our blunders in connection with the Ruhr. Belgium was not in a position, nor was she entitled, to attempt coercion in the Ruhr. . . . We have repeatedly asserted that some profit might be derived from the occupation . . . but to obtain it Belgium should have pursued an independent course. . . . Belgium should not have weakly tolerated French Separatist manœuvres there; neither should she have subserviently followed the French in obstinately refusing to negotiate with the Germans after passive resistance ceased. . . . We should not follow submissively in the wake of either France or England; we ought to steer an independent course. Had we done this consistently since 1918, our franc would not have fallen to its present low level, from which it will not recover until we have adopted an independent policy.

However, the depreciation of the Belgian franc, in sympathy with that of France, is causing more concern, perhaps, in the industrial Walloon section of Belgium than it is among the Flemish peasantry. 'Defend Our Franc' and 'Keep a Cool Head' are familiar headlines in the French-language papers. The chairman of the Senate Budget Committee declared in a recent interview that Belgium's economic situation and the financial measures of the Government are thoroughly sound, but 'her settled policies, though they inspire confidence in those who understand them, are often misunderstood or misrepresented. Our franc is regarded as a dependent currency — whose value is determined by the value of neighboring currencies.— and certain international financial interests are depreciating it, as they are depreciating the money of Central Europe, because they overlook the essential difference in our situation.'

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EASTERN EUROPE'S CHANGING PHASES

A REALIGNMENT seems to be slowly but surely manifesting itself among the new States of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. The Little Entente, which has sometimes been regarded as a French instrument to strangle Germany, but in reality was primarily an alliance to check Hungary and to prevent a Hapsburg restoration, is rumored to have lost its former unity of policy with the passing of the Hapsburg fear and the prospective reëntry of Russia into the European 'concert.' The attitude of France toward Russia has softened somewhat, and she may eventually return to her pre-war reliance upon that country as a counterpoise to Central Europe in the continental balance.

The recent understanding between Yugoslavia and Italy virtually withdraws the former country from the French sphere of influence; and Poland, after five years of coolness toward Great Britain, is said to be growing warmer toward that country. A British financial expert is helping to reorganize Polish finances, and Polish commercial interests seem to be falling in line with the alleged manœuvring to make the Baltic a mercantile and naval stronghold of British sea trade and sea power. Rumania, suspiciously alert lest she be left without Western support against her powerful neighbor on the east, is seeking help in the same direction. The anticipated credit of 100,000,000 francs that France was to allow Rumania for new armaments has fallen through — partly, no doubt, because the French treasury is already overburdened. However, the prospective shifting of French favor to Russia is rumored to have been one reason for the failure of the loan.

No country has been more bitter against Germany since the war than Rumania, although the King is a scion of the Hohenzollern line. Recently, however, this hostility has grown noticeably milder, and is even melting into something resembling cordiality, at least toward Austria. *Adeverul*, a leading Bucharest daily, in welcoming the Vienna Premier recently, said: 'The memories of the war are beginning to grow dim. Old relations are being resumed. The verdure of a new life is beginning to clothe our war-blasted territories. The spring sun of peace and good-will is growing warmer.' In Rumania the Royal House retains more authority than in most Central and East European monarchies. While the King is of German blood, Queen Marie is an English princess, and rumor says that she would like to range Rumania on the British side in the foreshadowed realignment of the European Powers.

Last February the Seventh Baltic Conference was held at Warsaw. Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Poland were represented. Esthonia and Latvia are very small countries, according to modern standards. To quote a German paper, 'the population of either could be comfortably accommodated in a Berlin suburb.' Lithuania, which refused to send delegates, has between three and four million people, while Finland is a sizable country, according to European standards. They have naturally drawn together to defend themselves against the restoration of Russian suzerainty over their territories, although they have several vexatious points of controversy among themselves.

Esthonia and Latvia recently concluded treaties providing for mutual military defense and closer commercial relations. Esthonia and Finland have entered into reciprocal engagements that do not involve equally binding obligations. However, Finland, whose proposed alliance with Sweden has fallen through, holds herself aloof from

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overclose relations with her more precariously situated neighbors across the Baltic. Poland and Lithuania have outstanding boundary disputes at Vilna and Memel, which prevent friendly intercourse between their Governments. The new Lithuanian Cabinet is said to court a triple alliance, including Lithuania, Esthonia, and Latvia.

Esthonia is suffering from a severe economic depression, accompanied by a decline in the purchasing power of its currency, on account of the crop failure last year. To this is attributed the striking increase in the number of Communist voters, who had a majority in several districts at the last local elections. They control thirty-six of the 101 seats in the Reval City Council.

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SPAIN'S FALTERING DIRECTORY

THE Spanish Directory, which began its career with the announcement that it hoped to return the government to the constitutional authorities at the end of three months, has now been in power for more than twice that period. Balancing a rather critical review of its régime by a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent against the more laudatory account of the correspondent of *Journal de Genève*, the evidence seems to show that, while few Spaniards dispute the reality of many of the recent reforms and their beneficial effect, discontent is growing. In the first place, the generals responsible for Spain's disasters in Morocco have not been punished; and the nation is intent on having something done. A suspicion is becoming stronger that army men, while they may reform the civilian branches of the government, are incompetent to reform themselves. The economic crisis has not been solved — in fact, the business situation seems to be growing worse rather than improving. In spite of certain economies — the budget has been cut down by more than 200,000,000 pesetas — financial reform does not go beyond the surface, and sooner or later new taxes must be created.

The principal criticism is directed against the inexperience of the generals in power. They have underestimated the difficulties of the art of government, and have made numerous serious, albeit well-meaning, blunders. They have proved more courageous in dealing with politicians and political cliques than with corporations and big industrial interests. But they have accomplished one thing for which the whole country is grateful. They have almost suppressed the lawlessness and terrorism that prevailed in Catalonia and more or less throughout other provinces. To be sure, they have likewise suppressed public liberties in the process. The press is strictly censored, the right to public meetings is limited, and trial by jury no longer exists.

The foreign policy of the Directory has been, on the whole, successful. The Government has signed the Tangier agreement, thus removing — at least for the time being — a long-standing source of friction; it has concluded a commercial agreement with Italy, and it has succeeded in strengthening the prestige of Spain abroad.

Recent newspapers from Spain bring the laconic announcement that the Directory has removed Don Miguel de Unamuno, who is the greatest literary figure in Spain, from his office as Vice-Rector and Dean of the Faculty of Letters at the University of Salamanca, and from the Chair of Greek in the same faculty, and has deported him to the island of Fuerteventura, in the Canaries. Unamuno's offense was a rather trenchant criticism of the Directory and the monarch in an article published in an Argentine review. The

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students and the people of Salamanca gave the exiled professor a tremendous ovation on his departure. The *Ateneo* of Madrid, a society honored for its cultural leadership throughout the whole Spanish world, and in which for a century or more absolute freedom of speech and opinion has been preserved, is now closed by order of the Directory, and a Republican member of the Chamber, Sorino, has also been banished to the Canaries on account of an address delivered before that body As a result, the students and many of the professors in the Spanish universities have become bitterly hostile to the new régime.

The diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Spain reports that General Primo de Rivera has come to the conclusion, 'reached long ago by his sagacious monarch,' that soldierly virtues are an inadequate equipment for the government of a modern state, and that he would welcome the collaboration of the old parliamentary leaders whom he and his associates evicted. Indeed, he is said to be negotiating with them secretly, and to be ready to hand over to them completely the reins of power in return for their assurance that the Morocco question will be satisfactorily settled. As a witty diplomat remarked: 'The Directory has grown weary of its own vigor.'

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BOSTON TEA PARTY GOSSIP

CONSTABLE, London, has just published a book by F. A. Mumbey entitled *George III and the American Revolution*, in which the author illuminates that troublous period of British history with something of the light contemporary touch that Colonel Repington, Mrs. Asquith, and others in England, France, and America have thrown about the political history of the World War. Most of the material comes from the private letter-drawers of the statesmen of the period, and not from the public records. For instance, here is a quotation from a letter written by Horace Walpole to Horace Mann, dated February 2, 1774, that throws a ray of brilliant light upon the way one clever Britisher looked upon the imperialism of the period: —

We have no news, public or private; but there is an ostrich egg laid in America, where the Bostonians have canted three hundred chests of tea into the ocean, for they will not drink tea with our Parliament. My understanding is so narrow, and was confined so long to the little meridian of England, that at this late hour of life it cannot extend itself to such high objects as East and West Indies. . . . Lord Chatham talked of conquering America in Germany; I believe England will be conquered some day or other in New England or Bengal. . . . St. Martin's parish literally reaches now to the other end of the globe, and we may be undone a twelvemonth before we hear of the matter — which is not convenient, and a little drawback on being masters of dominions a thousand times bigger than ourselves.

MACDONALD and MUSSOLINI have adopted the fashionable Russian-recognition styles.—*Izvestia*

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SPEAKING FOR FRANCE

BY ROBERT MASSON

[The article that follows consists of the more significant paragraphs of an address delivered by the Manager of the Crédit Lyonnais before the American Club in Paris last January.]

WHEN your Chairman asks me to say a few words 'about the situation,' he seems to imply that I understand the present state of things in the world and that you don't. I can't speak for you, but I wish to say that I don't understand it, and that there has never been, to my mind, a more puzzling epoch than ours.

Take, for instance, American politics. If I take up one of your papers, I read about the 'Die-hards,' and Johnson. Then I hear about the Farmers' Bloc: Johnson again! Then the Volstead Act is mentioned: Johnson once more! Now how do you expect a poor Frenchman, who is proverbially ignorant of geography, to extricate himself from this tangle? Of course, it was explained to me that this ubiquitous Johnson assumes different by-names, according to circumstances. When he dies hard, he is called Pussyfoot; the Volstead man is prenamed Magnus, and the dirt farmer is Hiram. . . . Or is it the other way round? Oh yes — I am sorry. Thank you. It *is* puzzling and I think Uncle Sam's real name ought to be Uncle Johnson.

Now let us try to analyze the present situation over here, and you will see what strange conclusions we shall reach.

The Treaty of Frankfort is considered by the Germans as a lenient treaty and the rest of the world uttered no protest against it at the time. The Treaty of Versailles is often deemed, outside this country, to be harsh. We must therefore revise our ideas and conclude: a lenient treaty is when the vanquished pay their reparations, plus the cost of the war to the victor, plus a bonus to him; a harsh treaty is when the vanquished have only reparations to pay.

The treaty is one thing, the execution another. You remember that Bismarck only evacuated this country after complete payment and let us know that if we were late with the cash he would not only reoccupy territories already vacated but other districts besides and take them under his administration. And the rest of the world did not protest, though the peace treaty was silent on that matter. On the other hand, the period 1920 to 1922 shows us a long string of concessions: reduction in the reparation claims, successive delays for disarmament, suspension of control, reduction in the deliveries of coal, non-insistence on penal clauses, and so forth. . . . Mark, I do not criticize these measures, which the Government certainly had good reasons for taking at the time. But I do have the right to draw the following conclusions: a lenient handling of peace clauses is when you insist on getting the last cent; a harsh handling is when you waive, defer, or reduce a series of clauses and only begin to kick when you are informed that you are not going to get anything more until further notice.

Of course, I know what you are going to say. France was helped along, after the war of 1870, by the Morgan Loan because her credit abroad was intact, whereas Germany's credit has

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been destroyed, frustrating all attempts at a foreign loan. But, in fact, Germany did raise a foreign loan, and a huge one and moreover a gratuitous one, by the sale of marks. Only she used the proceeds, not in order to pay the Allies, but in order to avoid paying them, and she started building canals and a large commercial fleet, the world being evidently short of tonnage. . . .

I am therefore warranted in concluding that a country with an intact credit is one that borrows moderate amounts at substantial rates of interest; and that a country with a destroyed credit is one that borrows billions at a rate of 0.00 per cent.

The same logical principles no doubt apply to that vexed question of reconstruction. We had the choice between several policies. Suppose we had elected to say: 'Considering our financial situation, we cannot attempt to reconstruct at our own expense; let us wait for German payments.' I hear our critical friends saying: 'Why, this is preposterous — don't wait; set to work bravely.' Another method was to seek external loans. Even if these had been forthcoming to the extent which was needful, the result would have meant piling up new obligations. I hear the same friends say: 'What a reckless policy! You are adding a fresh foreign indebtedness to the burden you already carry, which you have not yet started liquidating.'

Now I believe these criticisms would have been justified, and we were right in adopting a third course: rebuilding alone with our own money. But the familiar voices are there again: 'Where did you get that money from? Not taxes, but loans!' And we read long articles about our situation, which is depicted as well-nigh desperate because we have gone on borrowing after the war, no mention being made of the reasons for such borrowing.

In fact, gentlemen, we did increase our taxes, as most of you, no doubt, have noticed by experience. Please tell your kinsmen that the increase is substantial; that the receipts are nearly five times as large as before the war, though the Northern districts have not yet returned to normal conditions. Even taking into account the depreciation of the currency, it means a serious pinch. For an income of 100,000 francs — which are now worth $5000 — the taxes now average about ten times what they were in 1914.

But, of course, by far the greater part of the reconstruction work was financed by internal loans. It is not a pleasant policy. The alternative was to let the North lie waste, as we could not raise a hundred billion francs out of taxes in a couple of years.

No doubt we thus violated another fundamental axiom, which I suppose should be formulated thus: a devastated country must rebuild its ruins, after a victorious war, without waiting for outside payments and without borrowing either at home or abroad.

This very naturally leads me to say a few words about our exchange. The main cause of the fall of the German mark lies in the tremendous issue of paper money in which Germany indulged. Has our policy been along the same lines? You know that our circulation has decreased, not increased, since 1920; that the indebtedness of the Government toward the Bank of France has been reduced by three and a half billions, that is, 13 per cent; that our ordinary budget is balanced; that the foreign trade returns show a very moderate adverse balance, which is probably wiped out by the invisible exports.

How is it, then, that the franc has declined? The usual answer is: speculation, by which, as a rule, operators on shorts are meant. We fully recognize

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that such speculators — whose action is sometimes useful — may at other times be harmful and be actuated by dark motives. But there is one thing about them: they must repurchase the francs at some time and, as we say in French, they may have to run after them.

Though I may, therefore, apprehend the sales by people who have no francs, I must say that I am more anxious about the sales of people abroad who *have* francs. And these people, gentlemen, are your people mostly. The French public is being slowly educated to the fact that the foreign holdings of francs may be somewhere between 12 and 15 billions — it is impossible to give any precise estimate. No action of ours can prevent trading in these francs outside this country. Whatever we do here, however careful we may be about our financial policy, we are dependent upon the action of these holders, who may even have purely internal reasons for selling, such as a high wave of prosperity at home which makes it more attractive for them to use that money for domestic purposes. We may witness one day that queer situation: the fall of the franc of a prosperous France simply because the United States may be more prosperous still.

We knew all along that we must get rid of that mass of floating exchange. But we hoped that we could delay the necessary measures until we had seen the reconstruction through. When you have a mortgage on your estate, you try to pay it off as soon as you can. But if one of your children is seriously ill, and must undergo a costly operation, you may have to delay the paying off.

Well, the history of the last few weeks shows that we must revise our policy. I am sure you are of the opinion that the reaction of this country has been swift and thorough.

A German paper I saw a couple of days ago, after expressing its gratification at our miserable situation, wrote that we had only two ways open: an interior loan in a stable currency, or an external loan, the latter being scarcely possible in that paper's opinion. Well, there is a third way out, and if that newspaperman did not mention it, probably it is because that way, being the most rational but the hardest to tread, has not yet been trodden by his country: it is to increase taxation on a very large scale and to wield the axe.

A couple of days, I hope, will suffice to have this drastic policy approved by the mandatories of the nation. If anything, it proves that the firm resolution of France not to yield to the temptation of inflation is not merely words, but that no means will be spared to put it into effect.

Now the process of what will follow is obvious, unless unforeseen events happen. No more loans to meet a deficiency in the extraordinary budget. Only such loans for reconstruction as will have their yearly service included in the ordinary budget. This means the disappearance of a constant pressure on the market. It is understandable that the immediate effect on the exchange has been one of stabilization by the removal of what was considered abroad to be a cause of eventual inflation. Normally a rise of the franc, on reasonable lines, should follow.

Some people apprehend that the new taxes will increase the cost of production of a number of articles. That may be. But such an increase, which only applies to that component part of cost prices that corresponds to taxes, will appear very small indeed if we compare it with the effect on prices entailed by a rise of a couple of points in the exchange. Just think of the increase in prices corresponding to the rise of the dollar from ten to twenty francs,

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and try to imagine whether any conceivable system of taxation could have brought about that same result for the consumer! This country realizes that anything is preferable to the German policy, the effect of which is to ruin 95 per cent of the nation for the benefit of 5 per cent, and to readjust the salary of the workingman on a gold basis inferior to the pre-war level.

After a period of stabilization and, possibly, moderate restriction of consumption, the scenery will be radically altered, as soon as our reconstruction is practically completed. All the energies of the nation, its entire power of recuperation and thrift, will then be directed toward the normal channels. This means that the investor, to whom no further loans of importance will be offered, will divert his attention to the old State loans, which should then show material increases in price. The short-term indebtedness of the State will be consolidated into long-term obligations. The latter, in turn, will be liable to conversion. And by and by the French investor, as is his wont, and as the Italian investor had done for his country before the Great War, will repurchase all the commitments of his people abroad, and repatriate all the francs you hold at present. Then, and only then, will the exchange be once more regulated by technical factors.

How can Americans be helpful in the present circumstances? In two ways, I believe. First, by emerging from their moral aloofness. They are credited with great practical good sense and impartiality. Their sympathy for us has been proved many times in the most touching way. As we say in French, 'Noblesse oblige.' Let them come and judge for themselves what we are doing. They are not like that Member of Parliament who used to say that a good argument had sometimes altered his opinion but never his vote. The appointment of quite outstanding personalities for the committees of inquiry is a remarkable step in that direction.

In the second place, Americans can help by maintaining their confidence in us just for another little while. I quite see how disappointing it must be for them to notice a reduction in the dollar value of the francs they hold. But you, gentlemen, who live among us, who see us at work, who know our state of mind, who have heard the solemn declarations of our Government repudiating the policy of inflation and witnessed its determination to make good those declarations, will you please tell your kinsmen over there that the only troubles we have — which are two aspects of the same question — are the financing of our reconstruction and the nonpayment of Reparations. The reconstruction will soon be over, the other trouble is probably nearing a partial solution. A little more time and their patience will be rewarded, as will be the gigantic effort we have made.

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ITALY PLUS JAPAN

BY LORENZO RATTO

[*This article is based upon a proposal originally outlined in an address delivered at Milan by Captain Fenzi, Italian Naval Attaché at Tokyo, and published in* Rivista Marittima. *The proposal for a 'supernational commercial symbiosis' between Japan and Italy, visionary as it appears, is said to have responsible support in both countries.*]

From *Rivista d'Italia, November* 15
(Milan Political and Economic Monthly)

International law and business practice, as applied to-day, prevent either Japan or Italy from abandoning the existing system of commercial treaties, which conforms with our present conception of the absolute individuality and sovereignty of States. They forbid those countries from clearing in a single leap the interval between these stipulations, which are limited largely to tariff and shipping privileges, and a more intimate and comprehensive commercial alliance, approved and guaranteed by their respective Governments. Indeed the latter, if practicable, would provoke peculiar resentment. It would be construed as indicating our secret desire to rebel against the Anglo-Australian dogma that the future commercial centre of the world will be in the Pacific. It would mean the recognition by a great Pacific Power of the fact that the Mediterranean is still, and will continue to be, the focus of all the traffic of civilized mankind. . . .

The theoretical possibility of carrying out the novel proposal to which we allude — of founding a Japanese export-and-import consortium to deal directly, under some form of more or less organic union, with a similar Italian consortium — is easily envisaged by the Japanese mind, which is more pragmatic than our own, less anchored in tradition, less cumbered with extraneous doctrines of race and convention, and therefore is able to grasp immediately the logic of a situation. . . . The Japanese know as well as we do that imperialism is the iron law of existence for all nations, great and small, strong and weak, vertebrate and invertebrate, but they observe throughout history and at the present time the continuous formation of new types of imperialism, particularly those suitable for the more diffused type of Powers — those that I should call invertebrate. Invertebrate Powers must not be confounded with nations that are still small and weak, much less with those that have ceased to be important military, industrial, or cultural factors in the world, or have been forced to adopt a permanent policy of neutrality, and therefore must confine their imperialism to financial and other economic ventures.

The Japanese realize only too well that the great vertebrate Powers are those that possess within their own territories raw materials and fuel to conduct a great war. These are the only absolutely autarchic Powers, who are capable of fighting with their own resources and pursuing policies dictated solely by their own desires. The very nature, the territorial and physiological constitution, of such Powers inevitably drives them to adopt a purely egoistic policy. They employ

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every form of imperialism within their reach to divide and subdue neighboring nations, to prevent or forestall a coalition of the smaller Powers, to subjugate them to their own monopoly of raw materials, transportation, and financial strength.

It follows, from this, that real friendship among vertebrate Powers of the first order is impossible. Only a truce, a temporary accommodation of their rivalry by commercial treaties, is possible.

On the other hand, Powers differently constituted but not yet reduced to vassalage, to satellites of a first-rank Power, not only may maintain truly friendly relations with other Powers of the same kind, but may even enter into alliances with them that are tantamount to fusion or confederation. No one can question the possibility of unqualified and unconditional friendship between France and Belgium, between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, between Italy — and the Republic of San Marino.

However, since Italy and Japan are Powers of the first rank, we might assume, in accordance with the reasoning above, that unconditional friendship, a complete commercial partnership between them, would be impossible. But the Japanese have discovered otherwise by studying the following facts: —

Italy and Japan are so utterly out of contact that it would be useless to try to develop a normal interchange of products between them. In fact, although Japan has established a line of steamers between her ports and Italy, our merchants can give it no business. On the other hand, a company is about to be founded at Rome by Russian financiers and certain Italians, with its capital in Italian lire but mainly subscribed by Russians, to promote trade with the Far East, mainly in Russia's interest. This indicates that there is at present no competition between Italy and Japan that would stand in the way of a complete identification of the interests of the two countries, such as might be embodied in a single corporate undertaking. Indeed, this absence of rivalry, either political or economic, is so complete that, although the commercial treaty between the two Governments expired by limitation in 1919, it has not been renewed, and there is no demand for its renewal. Italy has no trade with Japan, and makes no effort to cultivate trade with that country, realizing that stronger plutocratic maritime and conquering nations desire — and are better able than she is — to invade the Far East and compete with Japan.

On the other hand, the Japanese foresee an inevitable struggle with the United States, England, and France, and in a few years with Germany and Russia, for the commercial and financial hegemony of the Orient. They cannot possibly secure a better ally in that struggle than Italy. Our peninsula might be made the shipping-point for all goods of Mediterranean, Central, and East European origin destined for the Far East — a trade that is already beginning to concentrate in the hands of the Japanese. It is for that reason that Japan finds it desirable to assure herself, through some form of commercial corporation, the uninterrupted use of this strategic commercial base, and to share with Italy the control and profits of a possible future monopoly of the trade flowing through it.

This community of interest is strengthened by the sympathy that Italy feels for Japan's plea for racial equality with Russians and Anglo-Saxons, especially her protest against discriminating immigration laws. Indeed, we Italians are inclined to recognize the appearance on the stage of history of a distinct Japanese yellow

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race possessing superior endowments, equal to those of the white race. We further sympathize with the Japanese because, like ourselves, they are a proletarian people, in the sense of having a rapidly growing population which they cannot accommodate within their own boundaries. Like ourselves, they oppose all Monroe Doctrines. They assert the natural right of the prolific nations to migrate to the sparsely settled territories of other Governments. They contest any title to territories based on the principle of mere temporal priority of possession. Like Japan, we are an isolated nation and, like Japan, we need closer association on equal terms with other Powers. For centuries we have sought a permanent ally. It would not displease us were this ally to be Japan.

On the other hand, we recognize and appreciate how important it is for Japan to find a friendly white nation ready to assist her in her campaign for racial equality and to set a good example to the Anglo-Saxons. We know that China is disposed to encourage a revival of hostility between the Russians and the Japanese, and that she will therefore do nothing to impede the advance of the Slav in Asia. Japan has wasted four precious years, which might have been used to get a firm foothold in Eastern Siberia. Now it is too late, because Bolshevist Russia has rallied her strength, and is again ambitious to renew her advance — at least commercially — toward the Orient.

Consequently Japan's only outlet is across the water. We alone among the white Powers can offer her a certain commercial hospitality. We too are seeking maritime expansion. The only competitor with whom we can live in complete and enduring accord is Japan. That is why it seems desirable to form an economic copartnership between the two nations, authorized and directed by their respective Governments, for the purpose of controlling and monopolizing the commerce between Europe and the Orient. . . .

To put the project more concretely, I would suggest an Italian-Japanese company, composed of two national consortiums in their respective countries, to whom should be granted for a term of ninety-nine years a share of certain ports in the Mediterranean — possibly Golfo degli Aranci in Sardinia, Agosta in Sicily, and Tobrucca in Cyrenaica, with liberal territorial concessions adjacent to them, where vast warehouses and coaling-stations may be erected for the trade between the Far East and Europe. The company should also enjoy similar commercial, fiscal, and port privileges in Japan. . . .

After the Peace of Versailles, it occurred to several leading business men in Italy that a commercial and financial agreement might be concluded between their country and Germany for developing Russia in the interest of Russia herself — that is, so as to accelerate her economic recovery by the prompt exploitation of her national resources. Rathenau was favorable to this idea. They also had in mind recovering part of the indemnity that Germany owed Italy, through an arrangement by which the Italian-German consortium would supply machinery and German manufactures to Russia in exchange for Russia's raw materials, — such as petroleum, — a portion of which would be shipped directly to Italy upon Reparations account. . . . But this ambitious project, which it was intended should take definite form during the Genoa Conference, where Rathenau and Chicherin were to give it consideration, came to naught because we did not dare defy Lloyd George, who was preparing to conclude an Anglo-Franco-Belgian agreement for exploiting Russia under the mask of a general accord

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between Russia and the rest of Europe. This was all part of the struggle for petroleum. . . .

In any case, it is doubtful if such a commercial alliance, involving Italy, Germany, and Russia, is as yet practicable, because little friendship and no real solidarity of interests exist between Italy and Germany. There can be no genuine friendship between the two nations until France succeeds in amputating a large segment from the population and industrial wealth of Germany, by annexing the Ruhr, and thus forces the Germans to buy their raw materials and fuel from the English, the Americans, and the French, the way the Italians, the Swiss, and the other industrial peoples of Europe who have no coal, petroleum, iron, copper, precious metals, and potash are forced to do at present. Not till Germany's industrial stature is reduced by her French creditors to a level but little higher than our own will the ideal of a new Middle Europe revive — and in all likelihood expand to include a Middle Africa.

Sardinia is one of the best strategic points in the Mediterranean, and Japanese commercial and naval development there would produce extraordinary results. Harbor-works could be built, trade and fishing could be developed, and great enterprises could be promoted that would recall the bold adventures of Pisa and Genoa in the Middle Ages. Italy will appeal in vain for the assistance of foreign capital from Europe — neither the Swiss nor the Dutch nor the Americans, and far less the French or the English, will spend a sou to develop Sardinia. . . . Meanwhile the people of Sardinia themselves would welcome a concession for ninety-nine years to an Italian-Japanese company to construct harbors on the Sardinian coast, and to expropriate — for fair compensation — sufficient adjacent land for warehouses, shipyards, administration buildings, fish-canneries, and the like. The ports controlled by the company should be free ports, designed to become vast warehousing- and manufacturing-centres for Oriental products destined for European markets. . . . Sardinia, it must be remembered, will soon have the cheapest and most abundant electric power in Europe.

We might likewise agree to allot to the Japanese colonization-rights in Cyrenaica, including both agricultural and industrial privileges. Japan is a proletarian nation, like ourselves. She has an equal right to live — that is, a right to free migration, now iniquitously denied her people by the Russians in Siberia, by the English in Australia, and by the North Americans in their whole continent. And even in cultural things it is conceivable, and in my opinion desirable, that we should cultivate an intimate understanding between Italy and Japan. I should like to see Italian anthropologists study with especial zeal the racial differentiations of the Japanese, in order to demonstrate to the Anglo-Saxons, and to such Italians as may need this knowledge, that they are fully entitled to equal treatment with the whites.

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HOW HITLER FAILED

BY F. GÖTZ

[The trial of General Ludendorff for treason gives pertinence to the following letter, which reached Vorwärts *through secret channels, describing the military incidents of the reactionary uprising last November. The numbers refer to Hitler military units, or Hundreds.]*

From *Vorwärts, February* 3
(Berlin Conservative Socialist Daily)

Munich, *November* 26, 1923.— You doubtless have waited with impatience for this letter. I appreciate that only too well, but you must make allowance for the fact that I was not in a condition to write you. The reasons were both physical and moral. You can easily understand. What we have been through was no battle or heroic feat, but a cesspool of treason and betrayal.

I shall now try to relate what happened — in the most matter-of-fact way possible, without intruding my previous personal affairs — by describing what I myself witnessed, so that you and your comrades may have a clear picture of the experience of my company. Other occurrences I could relate only from hearsay, and therefore shall omit entirely. For the political side I must refer you to the sworn testimony in the accompanying document.

At seven o'clock in the evening, I was at the Arzberger Keller with Nos. 1-I, 2-I, 3-I, and 4-I. At 8.31 Nos. 1-I and 2-I proceeded to the barracks, where Oberland was mobilized. Nos. 3-I and 4-I went to the Löwenbräu Keller, and joined the Reichskriegsflagge, where they started a celebration. At ten minutes after nine Esser reported from Bürgerbräu that the revolution had been successfully launched, and ordered us to proceed there immediately.

We marched through the city with flying banners and martial music, surrounded by a cheering crowd. My wife and some acquaintances marched by the side of my company. Thousands fell in behind us, until my No. 3-I became as large as a battalion. On the way I was ordered to report to the regiment commander. I was directed to proceed with a sealed order to Saint Ann's Cloister, to close the adjoining streets to traffic, and to wait for further orders.

So I proceeded to that destination, and closed the streets as commanded. Then I went to the prior of the Capuchin cloister and handed him the sealed order as directed. He opened it, read it, hailed me with wild enthusiasm, led me through several endless corridors, through burial-places and catacombs, to a wall, and said: 'Break through here!'

I ordered some of my men to bring picks and shovels, and broke through the wall, which was four or five feet thick. I discovered behind it a gigantic vault which, as we found later, contained 8570 stands of arms in perfect condition. It was impossible to transport them with the 420 men at my command, so I called for assistance, and received three companies of Oberland and fourteen motor-trucks with their crews.

A glorious picture now presented itself. The rifles were passed from hand

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to hand through these endless corridors and up two stories underground, through passages and stairways, until they reached the street where the trucks stood. It was done without a sound. At the hole broken through into the vault stood Capuchin monks with torches, and inside, by the weird flickering light, my men labored and perspired. It was a picture I shall never forget.

Where did the rifles come from? From the EW, and the written order to get these rifles was signed by Dr. von Kahr! Therefore he was the man who armed us at the outset. When he claimed later he had disarmed us, it merely meant that he got back part of his own rifles, for none of us had his own arms or any arms belonging to our organization.

We worked rapidly, and yet it took until half-past four the next morning to get the last rifle loaded on the trucks. I then dismissed the three Oberland companies, marched No. 3-I down the street fully armed, with rifles loaded, and thus escorted the fourteen trucks through the city. In spite of the late — or early — hour, we were greeted everywhere with wild cheers.

When I reached my destination, I was ordered to take my company and six other trucks to get ammunition. I received this from the Dresden Bank, where it was stored in the vaults. There were no less than 3200 cases of ammunition there. They filled whole chambers in the vaults. My trucks had to make four trips to carry them all away.

I escorted the last trucks with my company, No. 3-I, to the Bürgerbräu, which we reached at eight o'clock that morning, tired to death. We were at once given a good breakfast. The whole Keller was a huge army-camp. The cadets of the military academy, with all their officers, marched in in close order, and took parade formation. Part of the Reichswehr — Nos. 1-, 3-, 4-K.I, 19 — entered with their arms. Automobiles of every kind and trucks and wagons were constantly arriving from outside the city. People kept coming in automobiles with mine-throwers, field guns, and the like.

When I was going through an anteroom, I met a sentry post who would permit only officers to enter. I passed through — and half died laughing. Who were there? Fifty-eight Jews, mostly in their underwear and socks, just as they had been dragged out of bed. The dogs were n't permitted to bring another stitch of clothing with them. They were raising a devil of a howl. They would not be quiet, so I jokingly drew my pistol, and the room instantly became as silent as the grave. Only Herr Josefssohn of the Hotel Königshof whined: 'I pray you, Mr. Major, get word to my wife that it might be worse, that I am still alive.' I laughed in his face and said, as I left, that I could n't do it, for so far as I knew our people would begin to shoot them in a few minutes.

After this little intermezzo we had roll-call, and each man was paid two billion marks. Although the company had been performing heavy duty uninterruptedly since six o'clock the night before, except for a short hour's rest, I was able to report it ready for service again at 10 A.M., and was ordered to occupy the Louis Bridge, so as to defend it from possible attack from the town side. Meanwhile the City Hall had been captured. Accordingly I took my position at 10.45 A.M. at the Louis Bridge, with my company faced toward the west. My left rested upon companies No. 1-I and 2-I, at the Wittelsbach Bridge, and my right on company No. 4-I at the Public Baths.

I next reported to the regimental fencing-school, and received my first

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information as to the general political and military situation. Everything was running like clockwork. The Reichswehr and Sipo (Security Police) had volunteered to maintain order in the city, so that our forces were free for the north. We were to advance in that direction next day. The country battalions would take up their positions directly on the deployment line from Schweinfurt to Coburg. These battalions would be reënforced by Reichswehr units. There was no opposition in the city, and besides, the Reichswehr and Sipo would maintain order in both the city and the country districts.

So no one had the slightest suspicion that Lossow or Kahr or Seisser would betray us.

I returned to my troops — like all the other officers — completely reassured, and told them how things were going so far. About twelve o'clock the Sipo, some sixty strong and fully armed, and with steel helmets, marched up to the Louis Bridge and deployed company-front about ten paces from my people, but facing the east — that is, front to front with us. I asked the officer what he was about, and he replied: 'Sipo and Reichswehr are maintaining order in the city, and I am closing traffic over this bridge.' This agreed precisely with what I had been told. Immediately afterward an orderly officer rode up and ordered me to march slowly into the city. The other companies were to follow mine, and the whole battalion was to proceed through the town via Marienplatz and Perusa, Residenz, and Ludwig Streets, and take up its quarters at the Grosser Wirt in Schwabing.

When I placed myself at the head of my company and started to advance, however, the Sipo people proceeded to block our way. I demanded an explanation from the Sipo lieutenant, whereupon he said he had received orders not to let us into the city. I shook my head, because I could not understand it, and thought that orders had been mixed up or misunderstood. By this time the companies behind us had arrived, and I discussed the awkward situation with their officers. We must march through, because we were so ordered; but they would not let us, because they had different orders.

Just then Brükner, who commanded our regiment, came up and shouted to me, word for word as I give it here: 'Götz — advance, and if they offer resistance knock 'em down!' So we rushed them. The fellows tried to use their weapons, but we were on them with a single spring, having advanced within five steps of them during the parley, and tore their arms out of their hands — carbines, hand grenades, swords, pistols, and four portable machine-guns. In two minutes the sixty men were completely disarmed. They also carried clubs. I got a corporal by the neck and bent him back over the railing of the bridge so that his helmet fell off into the Isar, and with my free hand wrenched his club and pistol from his grasp. Meanwhile the other companies marched past at double quick, and thus formed the head of the column. We did not like to see them in the lead, and yet this proved a piece of great good fortune for us later, for they died in our place.

Not one of the Sipo whom we disarmed was injured in the least. I herded them down to the Bürgerbräu and then joined the column, which was still marching past.

At Isar-Tor-Platz, 'Halt!' An order is passed back: —

'Sipo and Reichswehr stand ready to fire at Feldherrnhalle. Naturally this is n't for us, but is a military precaution for the city. As soon as we draw near these troops, sing *Deutschland Lied* and march past with a cheer.

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Since the maintenance of order in the city is now in their hands, we have no reason to advance with loaded arms. Consequently everyone unload, and throw open the machine-guns!'

This order sounded perfectly plausible. Why should we take such exaggerated precautions as to march through a peaceful city, where we were greeted with cheers at every step, with our guns loaded? An accident might happen and someone be hurt. So every man readily unloaded his gun. We then marched through the lavishly decorated business section amid thunderous applause from the bystanders, across Marienplatz, where the City Hall was all festooned with swastika-cross flags, and down Weinstrasse. At this point I learned that Hitler and Ludendorff were marching at the head of the column, but I did not see them.

At Perusa Street another order to halt. Again we were told that no one must carry loaded arms. The chamber of every gun was inspected, and then the order passed down the column: 'Advance, parade-step. Pass the Reichswehr singing.'

So up to this point not a man of us had any hint of the scoundrelly betrayal that had meantime been arranged. We advanced, and I turned with the first platoon of the first group from Perusa Street into Max-Josef-Platz, and was just on the point of entering Residenz Street, which begins at that place, when the sound of wild shooting was heard. It lasted some fifteen seconds. I shoved back the people behind me and ordered them to stay there. The companies passed me in absolute order, — not a single man hurried his steps, — turned to the right, and were under the protection of the Residenz. This all occurred not after but during the shooting.

My knowledge of what happened in front comes merely from reports, which you have heard as well as I. The fact is that without any warning our peaceably advancing troops, who were just on the point of starting a song, were ruthlessly shot down from Ludwigstrasse, Feldherrnhalle, and the Residenz. German soldiers and German officers fired upon their highest commander and upon our proud black-white-and-red banner!

But to get back to my company. I saw all the men march to cover with their heads held high — not a man out of step, everyone in faultless order. Then a horrible sight was disclosed to my eyes. The whole length of Residenz Street was strewn with men writhing in their blood. On the right, by the monument, I caught sight of Hitler entering an automobile with an unconscious bleeding child in his arms. I cannot conceive how the man escaped death. I and all the others were completely stunned and could not comprehend what had happened.

I rallied my wits and stepped forward. Just then those bloodhounds of Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser rushed up with fixed bayonets and closed in the whole square. I suddenly found myself within the enemy line, separated from my company. No one paid any attention to me. About one hundred dead and wounded lay all around me. Plenty of ambulance men were on hand. When they started to lift up a man near the Bauerngirgl, to carry him to the ambulance, he shouted at them: 'You curs, let me die here. Don't dare to touch me!' That was the spirit of our people. Soon the only ones left lying on the ground were the corpses. Just in front of me lay Scheubner-Richter, his chest blown open. By his side lay Laforge, his brains scattered for ten yards around him. Eighteen other members of our corps lay dead. All around were other corpses and great pools of blood.

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I cannot understand it yet. We did not fire a shot. We could not have done so, for our guns were not loaded and things happened so rapidly there was no time to load them. It is a base lie when they report otherwise, or publish pictures — as they have — that show us shooting. We did not fire a single shot. We had so many dead because Captain Scheubner-Richter with his Hundred rushed out of the Residenz at the first sound and caught the flanking machine-gun fire that killed him and his men. Now the Sipo themselves admit that.

Coming back to my own experience: when I found myself inside the enemy lines and unable to go either forward or backward, — for their troops were coming up by whole companies, — I sneaked quickly into the Bauerngirgl, took off my equipment, and asked them to hide my arms. They gladly did so.

It was a beastly sight outside. The bloodhounds kept rushing around with armored automobiles and trucks, disarming our men. They even tore off their uniforms. They did not get all the guns by any means, for only one battalion was involved. The others were already stationed outside of Munich and had taken with them not only their own arms but also those placed at their disposal by Kahr. As soon as they learned what had happened in the city, they hid these. My company had all the weapons that it had received from Kahr taken away. That evening I was able to go home, and the next day I went back and recovered my own arms.

The state of sentiment here no man can appreciate in the slightest unless he personally has gone through the whole thing. They have had to bring in all the troops from Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony, and the Sipo from all the German districts, with heavy armored automobiles and field guns, in order to keep down an uprising. Naturally they have succeeded, but the spirit lives, and is stronger — much stronger — than ever. To-day there is not a Communist or a Socialist left in Munich. Every man is resolved to the death to resist Kahr and his hangmen. To-day our 'disbanded' Party has ten times as many members as before the treason, thank God!

Now you must let me stop, although I have told you only a fraction of the story. Please let me know if you receive this letter. Get ready in every way possible to act. Hold together your people there.

For to-day, with a warm handshake and a *Heil!*

Your devoted

F. Götz.

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CONSTANTINOPLE VERSUS ANGORA

BY P. GENTIZON

[*The author is the Near Eastern correspondent of* Le Temps, *and an authority upon Turkish affairs. The article was written, of course, before the Caliphate was abolished.*]

From *La Revue de France, February* 1
(PARIS RADICAL LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

THE die is cast. Constantinople, the city of story whose enchantment a thousand poets have sung, whose magic contour, seen from Stamboul when the luminous afterglow plays over the Golden Horn and the fairyland of the Bosporus, affords one of the most magnificent visions in the world — Constantinople, metropolis of two continents and three seas, Queen of the Straits, home of the Caliphs, seat of the patriarchs, millennial capital of mighty empires — Constantinople is to be deposed from her proud place to the rank of a simple provincial capital like Konia, Erzerum, and Mosul!

As the world now knows, the National Assembly has made Angora the future capital of Turkey. For five years the deputies have held their sessions in that ancient town; they have gradually become accustomed to this new seat of government, and have weighty reasons for preferring it to Constantinople. The recent settlement of the Straits Question and the new Thracian frontier would force Turkey to keep a large garrison in Constantinople if it continued to be the capital, and would compel the Government in any case to place its munitions works and supply depots at some point more remote from the Bosporus. Moreover, hostile naval demonstrations could not be prevented, and the capital would be constantly at the mercy of foreign cruisers.

Still other arguments were advanced in the National Assembly in favor of Angora. Even a Stamboul journal wrote that the decision to make that city the seat of government should be approved, 'because it removes our statesmen from the influence of the Christians, which is as detrimental to the greatness of Turkey as it is to Islam.' Former governments were charged with having shown too much favor to Constantinople, with having neglected the rest of the country for that city, with having spent the taxes collected from the peasants of Anatolia to adorn the metropolis, instead of building roads and establishing schools among the people who paid them. One half the population of Constantinople consists of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Levantines — notorious intriguers against the Government. Corruption would again spread among the ministries established there, and an army of alien middlemen would interpose itself between the rulers and their people. As an old deputy declared: 'The money-changers of Galata would wield more influence over the administration than the Cabinet itself.' Parasites would hasten to set up again their old régime of bribery and open a way for Western Europe to becloud the counsels of the nation.

All the indignation that still festers in the breasts of Turkish patriots at the incompetence and negligence of their former leaders, who permitted

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the Ottoman Empire to become the plaything of the Allies after the Mudros armistice, was poured out in the debate. The President of the Assembly declared: 'Constantinople has lost the power to defend the dignity and honor of the country.' . . .

On the other hand Angora, which is situated in the very heart of New Turkey, is protected by its very remoteness from sudden attack. During the recent war with Greece, it was defended by troops raised in Anatolia, without the assistance of contingents from Thrace. As a deputy said, 'Anatolia saved Constantinople, not Constantinople Anatolia.' In a word, the selection of the new capital is the logical outcome of the geographical and political configuration of the country.

When the Treaty of Lausanne was ratified by the National Assembly, Ismet Pasha argued with much force that the sultans had sacrificed the rest of their empire to Constantinople and the Straits; that by pursuing an opposite policy, and developing the resources of Anatolia, New Turkey would be better able to defend Constantinople and the Straits than was the old Government. A Turkish general declared: 'We have won our victories on the battlefield by transferring the seat of government to Angora. Let us win the victories of peace in the same way.' . . .

Naturally, however, the news that the Assembly had designated Angora as the capital was received on the banks of the Bosporus with scant approval. For months the people of Constantinople have been arguing that Turkey must preserve in all its former splendor and glory the ancient city that history and geography had made its metropolis and traditional seat of government. The historians of the University of Stamboul laid stress on the fact that the capture of Byzantium by Mohammed the Great marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the world. From Constantinople marched forth the armies that after 1453 carried Ottoman power to the deserts of Africa, to Arabia, and to the very heart of Europe — to the plains of Hungary and the walls of Vienna. They quoted these words of Napoleon: 'I have succeeded in dividing the Ottoman Empire with Russia. There was no point of difference between us. Only we could not divide Constantinople, and the impossibility of dividing that city saved Turkey from partition. It was the only obstacle to an agreement with Russia, who insisted upon its possession. As for myself, I could not yield that place at any cost. Constantinople is a strategic point of inestimable value. It constitutes an empire in itself. He who is its master will be the master of the world.'

The geographers likewise argued that Constantinople, by its very situation, was a city predestined to be a seat of government. Its importance as a great capital had been evident for centuries. It would be the greatest of blunders to sacrifice it. Merchants argued that to change the status of the city, which is the most important commercial centre of the Near East and lies upon one of the busiest waterways of the globe, would seriously compromise the interests of the nation. Wealthy citizens complained that property values would decline if the capital were removed. Members of the liberal professions insisted that for centuries the most distinguished lights of Turkish learning had made their home on the banks of the Bosporus. They could not move offhand to the unhospitable Anatolian highlands, and consequently Angora never could acquire the intellectual atmosphere without which a capital is but an empty shell. People of fashion complained that the new political centre had no hotels, no modern buildings,

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no comforts, that it was a primitive place — an impossible capital for a progressive nation. Practical men pointed out that Constantinople, during its centuries of political supremacy, had become a city of beautiful palaces, sumptuous embassies, and spacious ministries. Why abandon all these advantages?

Functionaries of the old régime joined in the chorus, declaring that the unhospitable climate of the Anatolian plateau would affect the temper of the statesmen who resided there, and keep them in a constant state of irritation most unpropitious to wise government. Levantines, courtiers, and concession-chasers clamored that the new rulers would be isolated at Angora and unable to keep informed as to the needs of the hour. Last of all, the Old Turks muttered in confidential undertones, beneath the shade of the plane trees of Stamboul, as they gazed dreamily over the waters of the Bosporus and Marmora: 'This glorious situation will ensure for all time the leadership of our city. Constantinople will draw everyone to herself, even those who flee her. Is n't she alone worth more than an ordinary country? They may dispute her title to preëminence, but she will easily hold within her orbit even those who seek to withdraw from her. Sooner or later the Government will return to its old home.'

Although the Angora rulers have decided to make that city the seat of government, — that is, the political and administrative centre of the country, — they are disposed to protect the metropolitan status of Constantinople. Prominent Turkish statesmen have told me that they hope this city, the seat of the Caliphate, may continue in a way to be a second capital, the intellectual and religious centre of the nation, as distinguished from the political head, Angora — a centre of science and art, not only for Turkey itself, but for the whole Islamic world. The princes of Egypt, the khans of Persia, Turkestan, and Afghanistan, the emirs of Arabia, the maharajahs of India will, it is hoped, maintain palaces there, and Abdul-Mejid, whose entourage has shrunk considerably since he lost his status as Sultan, will in time be compensated with a real Caliphate court.

But this is still a long way off. It cannot be achieved until Constantinople is converted into a strictly Mohammedan city. That cannot occur until foreigners cease to occupy the preponderant position in its business life, its commerce, its industry, its trade, that they now hold. This brings us to the economic side of the question. Hitherto Constantinople has been one of the most important commercial centres of the world; and the men who have controlled its shipping, its countinghouses, its warehouses, its banks, have been Greeks, Armenians, or Levantines. But New Turkey is determined to make herself independent in economic matters, to place her business in the hands of her own people. So every effort is being made already to give the Turks control of the business activities of the great city. Hundreds of thousands of Christians have been forced to leave the shores of the Bosporus and, in spite of the impoverishment that this has brought upon the country, the labor of elimination continues without respite. The enforcement of prohibition has just now put out of business thousands of Armenians and other 'infidels' who have always monopolized the liquor trade.

But the dispossession of foreigners does not stop here. Fethi Bey, the speaker of the National Assembly, recently declared: 'We must take all lines of business in our former capital out of the hands of aliens and place them in the hands of Turks, in order to

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assure Mussulman supremacy there. The Government believes it to be its duty to hasten this evolution, and since Constantinople is a great trading centre we shall make every effort in our power to concentrate the control and the profits of this traffic in the hands of Turks.' A deputy from Constantinople, Youssuf Akchura Bey, has described this programme thus: 'If all the land, buildings, commercial establishments, banks, factories, shops, and other instruments of trade and industry in Constantinople are transferred to Turkish owners, if the managers of banks, the superintendents of factories, and the directors of corporations and firms are Turks, then we shall be able to say that Constantinople is truly a Turkish city. It cannot become one so long as we merely control the schools, the scientific institutions, and the barracks. We must take measures to assure our economic supremacy as well.'

In a word, the Turks are agreed that it is indispensable, not only to have a majority of the population of their own blood, but also to divert their people from their former pursuits, which were too often parasitic, to the direct administration and operation of commercial, industrial, financial, and maritime undertakings. The command of the day is, 'Make room for the Turk!' As soon as the Allied troops withdrew, the authorities took vigorous measures to remove all foreign employees from Constantinople firms and corporations operating under public franchises — some twenty in all — and to replace them by patriotic Turks. The latter are struggling, with the utmost confidence in ultimate success, to master their new duties. In the fiscal departments, the tobacco monopoly, the Ottoman bank, the electric light and power works, the tramway offices, the railways, the fez is displacing the hat — the Christian is making way for the Mohammedan. Thus begins an entirely new era, the consequences of which cannot yet be foreseen, in the history of Constantinople.

Whatever happens, we must bear in mind that in changing their capital the rulers of the Turkish republic have relegated the Constantinople question to a purely moral and economic issue. Politically, whatever the city's future, whatever place it may occupy in the future economy of the country, the metropolis of the Straits, although it contains nearly one sixth of the inhabitants of Turkey, will henceforth be only a dependency of Angora. The city where for nearly five hundred years the Turkish nation has concentrated all its racial activities, the city that, to repeat again the words of Napoleon, 'constitutes an empire in itself,' will be ruled henceforth by a government situated in Asia, more than three hundred miles from the Bosporus.

The consequences of this change promise to be of the utmost importance not only for Turkey but also for the whole Near East. Will not the transfer of the capital to Angora be interpreted by Turkey's neighbors as a renunciation? No city has been more coveted for centuries than Constantinople, because of its situation, its beauty, and its importance. Will not its abandonment as a seat of government revive the hope cherished by the Greeks, the Russians, the Bulgarians, and the Yugoslavs, that the political allegiance of the city — formerly Byzantine and Christian — may again be changed? Has not this decision weakened the position of Turkey in Thrace and indirectly struck at her interests in Adrianople, especially in view of the fact that the exchange of populations under the recent treaties will transfer hundreds of thousands of Mohammedans from Thrace and Macedonia to Asia? In a word, does not the migra-

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tion of the Government to the heart of Anatolia deprive Turkey in Europe, and Constantinople above all, of their most important moral support? Does it not suggest that the Turks may one day be forced out of Europe entirely?

Still other consequences suggest themselves. An organism as complex as a great commercial city of a million inhabitants cannot well be governed from a remote capital in the Anatolian highlands. Yet, unless Constantinople is to decline, it is more necessary than ever that its economic life should run smoothly. This is the more important now, when thousands of foreigners, nearly all of them clerks, accountants, artisans, or in some other way specialists in commerce and industry, are to be replaced offhand by untrained people of a different race. The newspapers of Stamboul are already protesting at the incompetent way business of the city is managed. Serious blunders have been made in many departments, particularly in connection with the tariff. Industries are languishing, factories have closed their doors. Important firms have left the city, transferring their capital to Bulgarian and Greek ports — to Varna, Burgas, Kavala, Saloniki, and the Piræus, where the authorities are encouraging them in every way. There is danger that the decline of this great commercial centre will cause Southern Russia, the Caucasus, and the whole Asiatic Near East, which has hitherto depended upon Constantinople for supplies, to seek their goods through new channels.

Even the Turkish press is already publishing warnings of a threatened commercial decline. An active campaign is under way to impress upon the Government the special needs and interests of Constantinople. The Stamboul newspapers are just now trying to show that the administrative machinery is at fault. They demand that the general regulations formulated at Angora for the whole country be amended to meet the peculiar needs of the former capital. For instance, *Okdam* argues: 'Measures suitable for a vilayet of Bitlis or Van are not suitable for a population living in the most favored situation in Europe, and at the threshold of the Balkans.' Public opinion at Constantinople is unanimously in favor of a special administration for that city. Some papers advocate a high commissioner to represent the city in the Cabinet. Others wish Constantinople to be made a separate vilayet. Still others advocate making it a free port.

So far Angora has turned a deaf ear to these proposals. As we have seen, the rulers there have found a number of reasons, which they consider of primary importance, for demoting Constantinople from the position that its situation and history have given it. But they are inclined to stop there, and hesitate to take any further step toward creating a special administration for the ancient capital, lest this might tend to loosen the bonds which unite it to the rest of the country. The issue is still unsettled, and its solution cannot be predicted. But of this much we may feel certain: the definite selection of Angora as the capital of the Turkish republic marks an epoch in the history of the Near East as precise as that marked by the capture of Constantinople in 1453, and its selection as the capital of the Ottoman Empire.

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NIETZSCHE'S OPPOSITION TO CHRISTIANITY

BY DOCTOR ELISE LOHMANN

From the *Eucken Review, August-December*
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NIETZSCHE'S hatred of Christianity was undoubtedly the chief reason for his aggressive vindication of naturalism and paganism. It forms the background of most of his moral researches; for morality together with culture was the leading subject of all the investigations and aspirations of this ill-reputed 'Immoralist.' But, notwithstanding all energetic battle for so good, so noble, and so high a cause, Christianity never has been calumniated, denied, condemned, and, as far as possible, annihilated by such vigorous, hateful, and passionate blows as the creator of the 'Blonde Beast of Prey' rained upon it with constantly growing rage.

Yet let us not forget that Nietzsche's aversion and hatred for Christ's doctrine was based on moral grounds. According to his most authoritative critics, Nietzsche was religious by birth and nature. The son of a Lutheran pastor, he had been subject to religious influence and accepted Christian teachings up to the time he entered academic life. From early childhood to the moment when his mind gave way he longed for an object of veneration, his will was inspired by ideals, his heart was filled with ardent desire to help, to lift up, and to save humanity, even if this meant sacrificing the mass to the individual. And did not the craving for immortality find expression in his theory of eternal recurrence?

Nietzsche grew up at a time when naturalism and materialism prevailed, when engineering and the practical arts had the upper hand. His tender and sensitive nature rendered him keenly responsive to such environmental influences, so we may not be wrong in supposing that notwithstanding his early and strong inclination to independence and individualism, in more than one respect, he was peculiarly the son of his country, the child of his time. He was especially so in his moral and religious development. At the age of four Nietzsche lost his father, a man of remarkable knowledge and education, of broad views and worldly wisdom, a sincere believer and 'a faithful servant before the Lord.' Had he lived, who knows what turn his son's mind and life might have taken? As to the religious atmosphere in which Nietzsche was brought up, he saw more conventional, traditional practice than individual knowledge and active faith. Rationalistic theories, which in the first half of the nineteenth century had taken hold of men's minds, still cast their shadows upon theological and religious life. Nietzsche himself gives us the following picture: —

> 'By the Deathbed of Christianity.' The really active men of to-day are, in their hearts, without Christianity, and the more moderate and circumspect of average mentality have now only a diluted, that is to say a wonderfully simplified, Christianity. A God who, in his love, so ordains everything as in the end will prove best; a God who gives and takes our virtues as he gives and takes our happiness; resignation and humility raised to godliness — these are the best and most vital concepts that yet remain of Christianity. Christianity has declined into a gentle morality.

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Good-will and decent sentiments have remained.

At the schools where Nietzsche laid the foundation of his thorough classical knowledge he received the religious training of the day. Feeling the conflict between the Christian and the Greek conception of life, he took more interest in critical examination than in personal experience. Tormented by doubt and by a determined spirit of opposition as a student, he was deeply influenced by Schopenhauer's metaphysical and ethical conceptions, which became the starting-point of his hostile position toward Christian thought. Schopenhauer's Christianism is more or less a synonym of Buddhism: renunciation and resignation, deliverance and redemption, are its chief doctrines. However, the famous pessimist forgot that the Buddhist aims at nothingness, whereas the Christian has a sanctified and purified eternal life in view.

Another so-called Christian doctrine that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche emphasize is their erroneous interpretation of Matthew v. 3. In speaking of 'the poor in spirit' — those who feel poor, guilty, and humble before God — could Jesus have thought of weak-minded creatures, blockheads, or simpletons? From his early youth Nietzsche was keenly conscious of his supereminent intellectual gifts; is it to be wondered at that, inclined to satire as he was, he sneered at the simple-minded disciples of Christ, as Schopenhauer and who knows how many other men of intellect and reason had done before him?

Schopenhauer's 'Will to Life' and his faith in the infallibility of instinct gave a new turn to Nietzsche's thought. Prone to change and criticism, he soon learned to 'burn what he had adored and to adore what he had burned.' Schopenhauer had said 'Nay' to life; but Nietzsche, after many a sidelong glance at humanism, positivism, and naturalism, became an enthusiast of optimism, whose fascinating watch-word 'Yea to life' was the great point of attraction for his numerous young admirers. Rejecting Schopenhauer's views of the world and mankind, Nietzsche still clung to the former's partial, mediæval, and imperfect conception of Christian theories. Believing in the instinctive will to power as a guide in all the doings and activities of man, pleading for a fuller and richer life, for spontaneous individuality, for a complete self-reliant personality, Nietzsche's intense soul viewed the misunderstood Christian contempt for the world and the flesh, the Christian 'destructive virtues, the Christian spiritual and intellectual bondage,' with profound resentment, wrath, and hatred. Indeed, we may even ask if the 'Superman' is not the antithesis of the mediæval Christian ideal.

Schopenhauer's final conviction, that life means suffering, gave rise to his altruistic tendencies and caused him to declare pity the first ethical demand. His opponent, Nietzsche, condemns sympathy with misery and pain, calling pity a 'depressive, delusive Christian virtue' which, instead of raising and encouraging man, weakens his will and energy, besides humiliating him who is pitied, and awakening undeserved satisfaction, if not pride, in him who pities. Freethinkers and supermen therefore must fight against commiseration, they must be morally clothed in mail and become hard to themselves and others.

These assumptions and demands have given rise to numerous misinterpretations. We know that in private life the creator of the 'Superman' was kind, courteous, and considerate to all who approached him. We also know that this lover of contradiction and individual interpretation recommends a 'higher, farsighted compassion'; and,

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last but not least, we also well know that the most objectionable phrase which testifies to Nietzsche's cruelty, his famous 'Death to the weak,' is part of an aphorism, the context of which clearly shows that the author did not apply this to man, but to Christian morals, which according to his conviction were no longer able to lead men onward in life, to strengthen and elevate them. The aphorism in question reads thus: 'Now it is advisable to root out the remains of religious doctrine because they are flabby and unfruitful and weaken devotion to higher aims. Death to the weak!' Who knows if Nietzsche's impious, contemptuous outburst, 'God is dead,' was originally an audacious assertion or a simple statement?

Now to another side of the question. Pity being objectionable, Nietzsche asks if there is no blessing in sorrow and suffering. A detailed study of his life plainly reveals to what a degree he himself had experienced the value of physical and mental pain. In his readiness to suffer he undoubtedly agrees with Musset when he said: '*L'homme est un apprenti, la douleur est son maître.*' Nietzsche himself exclaims: 'The discipline of suffering, of great suffering, know ye not that it is only this discipline that has produced all the greatness of humanity hitherto?' Capacity for suffering, in Nietzsche's opinion, even indicates man's social rank. Social rank, however, is another of Nietzsche's preoccupations and gave him further cause to deny and attack Christianity.

That the family of Nietzsche was of noble Polish descent is probable, but not yet sufficiently proved. Our philosopher, although the advocate of the highest moral aims and a scoffer at human frailty, had a great weakness for his noble origin and boasted of being an aristocrat. Aristocracy, to him *a priori* the focus of high qualities, thus became the object of his ethical researches. He raged against socialistic and democratic tendencies, against the 'far too many,' and ended by publishing two different codes of morals, the one for slaves, the other for masters. How then could he approve the equality of man, the value of every individual soul? The doctrine of human nature's corruption and worthlessness, enjoining humility, self-denial, contrition, and crucifixion of the will and the flesh, may be good enough for slaves; but for humanity on the whole it means decay of the race, destruction of noble instincts, decadence and ruin of aristocratic feeling.

These few details suffice to show Nietzsche's deficient knowledge of Christian doctrines and principles. They give us the right to deny his accusations, for is it not the first duty of a critic to know what he attacks and rejects?

Had he only diligently searched in the Gospels or the lives of great Christians, he might have recognized what a superior model for a superman — he who best enjoys life because he has mastered it — a Christian can be, and what a different scale of valuation Christians have, as compared with the children of the world! As for the fatal 'Nay to life,' which human cogitation imagines it has discovered in Christ's teaching, did Nietzsche never read what Saint Paul writes, Second Corinthians 1. 19: 'Jesus Christ was . . . not yea and nay, but in him was yea'?

But, although Nietzsche missed the mark in fighting Christ's theories, his cutting comments on the manifestations of Christian morals as he saw them practised in 'the pale cast of life' by the Christians around him unfortunately struck home. With many others who have turned their backs on the religion of their fathers, he might have said:

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'The Christians themselves rouse me against Christianity.' It is true his negative conception of the latter did not hinder him from admitting in other moments that the few 'model men' he had met had been Christians. The 'everyday Christian' he calls a 'lamentable figure.' Zarathustra expects Christians 'to sing better hymns and to look more redeemed.' Nietzsche emphatically chastises by name Christians who think they have attained virtual perfection and are saved, and therefore relax moral effort and lose their moral strength.

According to Frau Dr. E. Förster-Nietzsche, his two worst, most reprehensible, and most blasphemous antichristian pamphlets, *The Antichrist* and *Ecce Homo*, dating from the last solitary years of the suffering, forsaken, and broken-down thinker, were not intended for publication. Therefore, are they really worth taking quite in earnest? A passage in *The Antichrist* speaks very highly of our controversialist's esteem for practical Christianity: 'Alone, the practice of Christianity as exemplified by him who died on the cross is Christian, and demands not belief but accomplishment. The difference is not in the action and doing, or in the not doing, but above all in the being.'

Curious as it is, a genial writer, philosopher, and moralist whom Nietzsche most highly appreciated, to whom he devoted his most friendly feelings, whom he loved and admired, the great French mathematician, Blaise Pascal, was a strict Roman Catholic. Having overcome intellectualism and doubt, he became a powerful, ingenious apologist, a great defender of the Faith. This surprising predilection of Nietzsche's may partly be explained by the extraordinary congeniality of the two thinkers. These two great intellects, both men of intense and delicate feeling, of powerful will, enemies of half-measures, were both, though in different ways, passionate fighters for truth and severe monitors of their contemporaries.

As Nietzsche himself confesses, Pascal's self-discipline and self-restraint, his vigor and resoluteness, became a model for him. But the great mathematician's devotedness to clerical organization, rules, and prescriptions, his humility, renunciation, and asceticism, were in Nietzsche's opinion Pascal's fiercest enemies — the destroyers of the great and pious moralist's mind and life. Striking passages clearly reveal that Nietzsche's hatred of Christianity sprang in part from his sincere sympathy with this austere representative of asceticism.

Mankind should never forgive Christianity for having ruined such a man as Pascal. One should never cease to battle against just this in Christianity, that it has power to shatter the strongest and noblest souls. . . . One should never relax one's efforts to destroy, root and branch, the ideal type of mankind conceived by Christianity. The utterly absurd remains of the Christian fable, its 'conceptional spider-webs' and theology, do not concern us; these might be a thousand times more absurd and we would never lift a finger against them. But we do battle against every ideal which, with its sickly beauty and effeminate seduction, with the hidden poison of its eloquence, leads the tired soul — and the strongest have their weary moments — into byways of cowardice and vanity, where qualities that might appear useful and desirable — faith, guilelessness, unpretentiousness, forbearance, love of one's fellow men, resignation, devotion to God — become but an unmanning and abdication of our whole ego.

What we fight in Christianity is its determination to crush the strong, to weaken their courage, to seize upon their moments of depression and lassitude, to turn their proud confidence into unrest and doubt, because this undermines and poisons

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our high natural instincts until their very strength and will are turned against themselves — until the strong, through excesses of self-mortification and self-inflicted torture, are annihilated. . . . Have we not the most noted example of this ghastly method of destruction in Pascal?

In his last volume Nietzsche speaks of 'Pascalism' as a mixture of Buddhistic pessimism, Christian ascetism, and mysticism. In one of his last letters to the Danish critic Brandes, Nietzsche calls Pascal 'the only logical Christian,' to whom he owes 'infinite instruction.' Raoul Richter, one of the best interpreters of Nietzsche's philosophy, declares Nietzsche 'an unhappy lover of Christianity.' Unfortunately his love, if love it was, turned into bitter hate. According to the philosopher Simmel, 'a considerable measure of Christian and Nietzschean valuations are virtually identical.'

Speaking of his attacks upon Christianity, he said: 'I have declared war upon the anæmic Christian ideal, not with an intention of annihilating it, but in order to put an end to its tyranny and to make room for new ideals, for more robust ideals.' Believing in man's own instincts, impulses, and faculties, this 'atheist by religion' wanted to replace religion by discipline and education.

His own theories and precepts are strict and austere. Disgusted with contemporary life and unrelenting toward himself, he challenged humanity to battle and fight. Stimulation, encouragement, will to life, the joy of battle, these are the leading features of Nietzsche's ethical code. Life was the object of all his inquiries, the fullest possible life his ideal. Himself a hero-worshiper, he readily echoed the poet who called upon man to 'Be a hero in the strife.'

MARTÍN

BY RICARDO FERNANDEZ GUARDIA

[*This story is taken from a collection of short stories by this author published at San José, Costa Rica, in* 1920, *under the title,* La Minatura.]

One hundred of us, more or less, were following the hearse that bore to the cemetery the remains of one of the last officers who had served in the war against the filibusters in Nicaragua. Old Captain Castro, who was walking at my side, said mournfully: —

'My turn will soon come. Nearly every one of my old comrades has already paid his tribute to Mother Earth.'

'How old are you?'

'Seventy-eight.'

'I fancy that the thought of death does not frighten you much.'

'What do you mean? I love life. I have always loved it.'

'You have never shown it in battle,' I remarked, alluding to his dashing bravery in our campaigns.

'I have always done my duty, but it would not be honest to say I never felt fear. Fear is the child of the instinct of self-preservation. No man, no matter how brave, can boast that he does not know that feeling.'

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A moment of silence followed. Then I rallied him from his gloomy meditation by saying cheerily: 'Come, Captain, tell me something of your panics.' The old man smiled humorously and replied, 'It would be a long story'; but after a brief reflection, during which his memory seemed to be playing about some incident of his past, he resumed:—

'I was afraid on the eleventh of April, 1856, in the town of Rivas. You have heard the story of the little brass cannon that the filibusters captured from us in the first moments of our surprise that morning, and our heavy losses trying to get it back. When my company was ordered to charge, the streets were already strewn with dead and wounded. Our attacks on the Mesón, where most of General Walker's men had intrenched themselves, were as heroic as they were absurd and useless. But our commanders were obsessed by the tactics that had won us our victory at Santa Rosa — "One volley and the bayonet!"

'Without hesitation we charged, under a hail of bullets. Suddenly, when we were close to the Mesón, we saw several of the enemy emerge quickly from one of the gates of the building, dragging the captured gun. They swung it into the middle of the street and hastily trained it on us. Someone shouted: "Lie down!" I heard the report, the whistle of the shot, and fell with a flesh wound — happily not serious.'

'That might shake the nerves of anyone, Captain.'

'No, sir, not that. It was later that I felt a sense of fear.'

'How is that?'

'It was this way. Our troops gave up the idea of capturing the gun by a direct charge, and began to work their way forward through the neighboring houses. A bloody, sullen struggle followed in the narrow streets of Rivas. A man lurked in every window, every door, watching intently to get a shot at his adversary. What had previously been a battle became a series of private duels, fought almost hand to hand. While this went on there was no opportunity to save the wounded. We lay there in the open street, burning up with thirst and the broiling sun that seemed to fry our brains. As the hours passed our torture became unendurable. Finally, realizing that I could hope for no aid from my comrades, I decided to roll over into the shade close to the wall of the nearest building. But I had scarcely stirred in that direction when two or three bullets whizzed close to my ears. I lay quiet a moment and decided to try again, but just then a poor sergeant who had fallen at my side started to rise and was instantly killed by a bullet through the brain. I was then certain that the enemy were watching us closely, ready to fire on any who showed a sign of life. The thought of being killed in that way — villainously potted like a helpless animal, without being able to defend myself — knocked the heart right out of me. I was frightened, terribly frightened.'

As he said this the old man thrust his head forward as if to emphasize the truth of his unpleasant statement.

'You can say, then, that you have looked death in the face.'

'Straight in the face. I could see clearly the position of the rifles, and several times when I noted their muzzles pointed directly where I lay I thought my last hour had come. . . . Nevertheless, there was another time when I stared into the face of death and found it more frightful still. It was during the cholera epidemic, that same year of 1856.

'I had the good luck to get back to San José alive, although as yet very weak and with my wound still open.

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The epidemic, whose infection we carried back with us, spread with extraordinary speed and violence. There was not a house it did not penetrate. Rich and poor, old and young, succumbed alike to the implacable scourge. I can give you no conception of the panic that seized our people. Many who had not quailed in the presence of the cruel filibusters trembled like frightened children before this stealthy and invisible enemy. But there were some men of courage who faced the plague and all its horrors undaunted, and did their duty. They nursed the sick, succored the destitute, and buried the dead — who were interred by cartloads in hastily dug trenches. When I had recovered sufficiently from my wound, I was placed in charge of a burial party. During the day we went through the streets asking from house to house if there were bodies. More than once we had to force a door, because no one was left to answer our call. Everyone in the building was either dead or dying. It was indeed a time of horror.

'Don't imagine I am telling you this to make myself out a hero. The secret of my fortitude was wholly my blind conviction that the pest could not harm me — an absurd faith, if you wish, but unshakable, and without it I could not have performed my duties. Neither was I the only person who believed himself invulnerable. You may have heard the story of a group of dare-devil young fellows who went about giving serenades in order to cheer up the panic-stricken people. Every night they paraded the deserted streets with their guitars, whose merry strains contrasted grimly with the panic and terror that had seized a city that had become a camp of death.

'Among the best known of the heroes of these sad days — the saddest of our history — was a fellow named Martín. I have forgotten his family name, if I ever knew it. He was one of those good-natured, modest fellows whose mission in the world seems to be to help other people. Martín had no regular occupation, but was a Jack-of-all-trades. If a man was wanted to build an adobe wall, they sent for Martín. If a patio was to be weeded, Martín was the man for the job. If people were moving, Martín helped them. If there was a job of whitewashing, Martín was called in. He was handy at every kind of work. To-day at one house, to-morrow at another, he was always welcome and always liked.

'During the war he proved himself brave to the point of rashness, but he never showed what was in him so well as during the cholera epidemic. He was tireless, busy everywhere, cheerful, clear-headed, shirking no job, no matter how disagreeable. His optimism and good humor reassured the most timid. He would tell everybody: "The only people who die are those who want to. I can cure the cholera in five minutes with a brush and a good rubbing. Anybody who wants to be cured, come to me."

'I met him everywhere, and he always greeted me with a joke, generally with some such remark as this: "I have cured three to-day!" — a statement he would accompany with a loud laugh and the motion of rubbing somebody vigorously with a brush.

'I have already said that this dreadful visitation had n't frightened me in the least, although I saw its most horrible episodes. None the less, I felt a grateful sense of reassurance every time I met Martín, because, if fear is contagious, so is valor, and that man was the very personification of bravery — a walking protest against the fear of death.

'The plague had reached its climax.

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It was raging all over the country. San José was like a deserted city. No one was seen on the streets, doors and windows were closed, a sepulchral silence rested on the town that was broken only at certain hours by the lugubrious creaking of the death carts.

'I chanced to be at the cemetery one day, overseeing the excavation of a great trench-like grave. The previous evening we had buried the Vice-President of the Republic, and the death of this high functionary had increased the panic. We were no longer able to get volunteers to bury the corpses, and had to take the prisoners from the penitentiary, who were first made drunk and then forced to do this work. When the first cart arrived, I noticed that it had no conductor. The plague victims lay piled upon it without distinction of rank, sex, or age, in horrible confusion. The unhappy fellows who were digging the trench stopped their work to gaze with terror on this horrible cargo of human flesh, and looked on the point of taking to their heels.

'"Don't dare to move, not a man of you!" I shouted, drawing my sword, and in order to set an example of courage I stepped up to the cart. But I started back in horror. The first corpse I saw was that of Martín. I instantly lost the faith that had supported me up to that moment. I seemed to see the vision of my own body heaped on that miserable cart. A sickening death-like chill seized my whole body. My legs grew weak. I was on the point of falling — of fainting from fear, sir.

'And that evening, in order to nerve myself up to my task, I had to imitate the cowards I was commanding. I drank a bottle of brandy.'

THE REVOLUTION IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. II

BY L. LAVANCHY

From *La Semaine Littéraire, January* 12
(Geneva Weekly Review)

If it were a question of untangling all the threads in the skein of contemporary literature, what a variety of distant and immediate causes we should have to seek! With what nicety, for example, we should observe the direct symbolist ancestry of the modern movement! With what emphasis we should describe the influence of foreign writers, both English and Russian!

Besides all this we should have to reveal the subtle but certain relationships of other arts, such as painting and music, with the literature of to-day and the interpenetration of these arts, which mutually borrow their formulas from one another. Debussy, one day, produced a musical transposition of a poem by Mallarmé. No one has ever known exactly whether Cubism was artistic or literary. Jean Cocteau vaunts himself even more impertinently because of his relations with the musical group of the Six than he does because of his own writings, and one cannot neglect for a moment the influ-

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ence of a painter like Cézanne on a writer like C. F. Ramuz.

Perhaps it is still more important to describe the radical break between contemporary literature and the great schools of the nineteenth century. First of all there is a break with the romantic movement, even though it proceeds from the same source as contemporary literature (since both seek to unchain the obscure forces that lodge deep within the soul). Poets like Verhaeren and the Countess Mathieu de Noailles are actually romantics and find a place in our epoch — in princely fashion, to be sure — only by virtue of more emancipated choice of words, a greater lyric purity, and a more natural abandonment of story. Between the one and the other the difference is primarily a difference of attitude. What a contrast between the *Contemplations*, the *Méditations*, and the *Voix intérieures* — the whole sentimental and oratorical kind of writing of 1830 — and the sensual vibration, the abrupt diction of to-day!

The contrast is apparent enough when we contrast modern writers with the naturalistic school. The early naturalistic authors believed firmly in the existence of the world. They took their stand, notebook in hand, before it, with the air of observers, even of scientists. Their literature was carefully documented, pessimistic, brutal. Zola proposed to write the 'natural history' of a family of the Second Empire. The contemporary artist, on the other hand, does not pretend to let himself be penetrated by reality except for the purpose of mastering that reality better. He keeps 'a distance' between the world and himself, like Jean Giraudoux. Though he may regard a landscape with eager curiosity, it is only so that he may presently, in untroubled calm, distort it in order that it may better suit the necessities of his own eyes. A literary work is of interest only in proportion as it transmits the writer's own original vision.

The rupture came with the generation immediately preceding. The older writers, the masters of twelve years ago, were nothing but spectators ensconced in their armchairs. They scanned the human comedy seriously, and usually with an indulgent irony, but without taking any part in it. Only toward the end did Brunetière, Bourget, and even Lemaître and Anatole France assume definite individual attitudes — and even then only in a theoretical, somewhat decorative way. Until the day of his death Faguet remained a rather petulant essayist.

To-day, however, almost every one of *les jeunes* has a faith. Almost all of them are defending causes of some sort, whether moral, political, or religious. The ideal that they affirm or construct for themselves is incarnate in the very substance of their works. Following the example of Charles Péguy, who was a fighter all his life, — though in strangely diverse camps, — and who died fighting on the field of battle, the writers of to-day are all doing battle for something or other. Skepticism is no longer the fashion, but bitterness, intransigence, sarcasm, and mystification reign — which is, perhaps, a pity. At least writing gains in enthusiasm and vitality. 'Even the eternal has become a passion.'

Unlike their predecessors, the writers of to-day display a fine disdain for everything that smacks of the schools. There are very few university men, and such as do appear among them are no longer professors of literature, but of philosophy and history, like Jules Romains and Albert Thibaudet. There are diplomatists like Paul Claudel and Jean Giraudoux, doctors like Georges Duhamel, and Élie Faure, technical men like Pierre Hamp, politicians like

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Maurice Barrès, men of the world and rich amateurs like Marcel Proust and Jean Cocteau — all men of action as much as of the study, far from lecture-rooms and books, in full contact with the life of their time. It is the life of their time which explains them and which they express, and to the life of their own time some of them devote their writings exclusively — to this contemporary period of ours, shattered by war, irritated by social conflicts, enervated by the increase of comfort and hygiene, excited rather than strengthened by sport; thrown out of its proper orbit by the rapidity of travel and the instability of fortunes, shaken by the flickering rhythm of the moving pictures, wireless, radio, and gas engines; sometimes achieving a wild sort of health and sometimes perilously close to hysteria; dowered with a soul that is perpetually unstable, tossing from ecstasy to horror, from violence to weakness, fermenting while it awaits it knows not what equilibrium or what revelation.

A revelation — that is precisely the word; and to a good many this revelation has already come, for youthful literature, of its own accord, is inclining toward mysticism. Each man creates a mysticism of his own, here catholic, there social, humanitarian, individual, or revolutionary. One puts one's self in a state of grace, creates a universe by transposition to an unreal plane. One constructs myths and legends and 'mysteries,' one creates heroes, 'constructors,' 'pals,' and abandoned men. These arbitrary creations live, moreover, with the intensity of hallucinations. They are swept away by the violence of primitive instincts. 'The supernatural itself is carnal,' said Péguy. Writers take refuge in contemplation, in dreams, in ecstasy, or abandon themselves to an emotional stir that is either delightful or disturbing — the most fantastic and most feminine of Giraudoux's creations boast that they 'never dream.'

All this has its comic side. Confronting these grave mystics solemnly regarding life through inverted spectacles, there are also the mystifiers — sublime prestidigitators, like Giraudoux himself, illuminators of cosmopolitan 'Nights' like Paul Morand, writers of adventure or sorcery or books like the *Vénus internationale* of Pierre MacOrlan, who takes us with him into strange regions and curiously devised landscapes over which incredible puppets move.

Literary art to-day is a means of escape, sometimes into a better world, more often into a worse one. It is also a means of escape into one's own soul, but not, as you might think, to discover there a treasure of wisdom, or to toy with some feeling of voluptuous bitterness. Nothing could be more ridiculous nowadays. No, one retreats into one's self to behold 'tumultuous forces' surging up from the very bottom of the soul, to note the tremblings and prostrations of sensibility and the ravishments of the imagination. The lyric note is invading every form of literary art, even the theatre, to which it is so little adapted and which is so fatal to it. The novel itself is becoming a poem. The literature of to-day, of every sort and kind, is transformed into music, sometimes scarcely intelligible, and yet highly effective. Some poetry tends to the most complete lyricism. Like Narcissus, this poetry wishes only to behold its own countenance and to take nothing for subject save its own inspiration. From those uncertain regions of the mind where thought begins to disentangle itself from chaos, Mallarmé's follower, Paul Valéry, unearths the materials of literature; and he pretends that he too is a 'master of the divine art of relying upon the idea at its birth.'

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When modern literature is neither song nor vision it falls to analyzing the ego with such cool lucidity that it ends by almost disintegrating and annihilating it entirely. Literature is becoming psychological, just as it did in Bourget's best period, but now it has no shadow of system, only a wild kind of sincerity. Like certain English writers, like Dostoevskii, and like Freud, it fixes a cynical eye on 'the sewer within.' It scrutinizes the unconscious. It plumbs the moving, contradictory, and sensual mass on which our nature is based. By their subtle and terrible complexity, a Marcel Proust and a Valéry Larbaud lead us to a disturbing picture of man.

Even the analysts do not take the trouble to be clear. From one of its extremes to the other, contemporary literature seems to address itself to our senses and to that portion of the imagination 'where the play of sensible impressions is elaborated,' rather than to our reason. To enjoy it without weariness, let us treat it without scruples. Let us have the same attitude toward it that we have in the army toward orders that are apparently inexplicable, without always 'trying to understand.'

Form and matter are confused, one moulding the other. A modern style of extreme originality is growing up — something unexpected, something never seen before, something fascinating, and something disconcerting. Artistic works usually unite — as in a kind of delicate marriage — the virility of a new energy, which is just beginning to assert itself, with the familiar virtues of tradition. But the contemporary style disdainfully repudiates the customs that are dearest to the French genius. The most enduring impression that a book of to-day leaves upon us is that of quasi-absolute originality, sometimes artificially obtained, too obviously sought for, and always imperious.

Why be disturbed? The language, triturated by the endeavors of the innovators, may no doubt be exhausting itself at such a crisis in its growth and may seem to confront a cruel destiny. Even the prose of Anatole France — an octogenarian, it is true, but nevertheless a contemporary — seems antediluvian to-day, or at any rate closer to the prose of the eighteenth century than to that of our own time. There are some who refer to French as 'a dead language' and pretend that 'the desire to talk in a new manner and to write originally is having more effect on the French language than a hundred and fifty years of evolution.'

Yet even among *les jeunes* themselves, an intermittent craving for rule and order occasionally reveals itself. There are various recent indications that may be forerunners of a desire to set up a kind of classicism among these exuberant individualists. Consider the fact that the Prix Goncourt of 1922 was awarded to H. Béraud instead of to Jules Romains, or consider the campaign against the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the success of such books as *Le diable au corps* and *Le grand écart* of Jean Cocteau, works of a sly and dry lucidity which is opposed to the lyric raptures of the older writers. Consider the effort of Jules Romains himself to bring some kind of unity into his versification. Perhaps even our own epoch, with all its burlesque and preciosity, will figure one day as a period of passionate study and preparation.

Overexcited, a prey to a crisis of religious or sensual folly, assuming grand airs of illumination or disarray, may not this epoch indicate definitely that in the bosom of an old people and a literature which is very much the *grande dame* the blood still stirs vivaciously, capable of catching fire again and leading on to a magnificent renaissance.

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RAMSAY MACDONALD AS A BOOKMAN

BY GILBERT THOMAS

From the *Bookman, March*
(London Literary Monthly)

There is a delightful anecdote about the new Prime Minister. At a certain dinner-party during the war a well-intentioned lady sat beside him at table. She was charmed by his conversation and his courtly air, and, before they parted she could not help sympathizing with him because he had the same name as 'that dreadful Member of Parliament, Ramsay MacDonald.' The story is told by 'Iconoclast' in his — or should it be 'her'? — most interesting and able study of Mr. MacDonald, which, by some extraordinary stroke of divination or good luck, was published just before the recent General Election under the title of *The Man of To-Morrow.*

On personal acquaintance Mr. MacDonald is indeed found to be the very antithesis of all that, until within the last few weeks, he has been popularly supposed to be. Those who have not shared his opinions, and have had no direct knowledge of him, have been content to visualize him as the typical Labor leader depicted by the anti-Labor press — burly, unkempt, wild-eyed, and big-mouthed; whereas he is in fact a man of very exceptional intellect and culture. Few statesmen, indeed, who ever entered Buckingham Palace have been, in the old phrase, more of 'a scholar and a gentleman.' It is true that Mr. MacDonald is 'self-made' — that as a boy in Scotland, brought up in the poorest of poor homes, he educated himself, as he frankly tells his friends, on *Cassell's Popular Educator.* But all the more credit is due to him that, having the instincts of a scholar and a gentleman, he has added to them in such rich measure the qualities and accomplishments.

This is no place to discuss Mr. MacDonald as a politician. Those who would learn for the first time, or refresh their memories with, the fascinating facts of his life, and those who would have a real glimpse into the personality of this complex and many-sided man, cannot do better than turn to 'Iconoclast.' Mr. MacDonald largely owes his success and distinction in politics to the fact that he is so much more than a mere politician. He has an 'all-round' endowment, physical, mental, and spiritual, such as is given to few men; and to this has been added that genius which consists of an infinite patience and capacity for taking pains. Science was his first love, and but for an accident he would have followed a scientific career. That he would have been successful in it there can be no doubt; nor can it be questioned that, if he had chosen, he could have made good in almost any other department of life. In especial — like his bosom friend, the late Lord Morley — he has given to politics what might have been given to literature; and it is as a bookman that he may claim attention here.

No Prime Minister of recent times has been better read. Into his two houses at Hampstead and Lossiemouth he has collected thousands of volumes, weighing several tons. Once, when he was changing residences, the furniture-removers piled so great a

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weight of books in the middle of an upstairs room, instead of placing them round the sides, that the floor collapsed! And Mr. MacDonald has not merely collected books; he has read them all and made them thoroughly his own. He is best read in history, political economy, and philosophy, but he is a keen lover also of creative literature. His enthusiasm for Milton, Scott, and Burns, and for the ballads and folk songs and — not least — the Puritan writers of his own land, knows no bounds; while his intimate knowledge of the Bible is constantly revealing itself. Among 'periods,' his chief love is the eighteenth century; while, among modern writers, he has a special affection for Thomas Hardy, with whom he recently stayed for a few days.

Nor is Mr. MacDonald only a great reader. He is also a bibliophile. He is never happier than when poring over a 'secondhand' catalogue; and, since his work has taken him repeatedly into all parts of the kingdom, there are few secondhand bookshops of any merit with which he is not intimately acquainted. He has, moreover, all the true bibliophile's concern for the proper handling of books, and I once heard him lament the fact that he could seldom secure a maid who knew how to remove a volume from its shelf, for dusting purposes, without damaging the binding.

And if Mr. MacDonald is one of the best read of recent Premiers, he has more writings to his credit than almost any other Prime Minister in our annals. Having once addressed envelopes for a living, he made his first real start in life as a journalist; and he has been a prolific writer ever since. Most of his books have, necessarily, been largely political, though he once wrote short stories under the pen-name of 'James Ramsay,' while in *Ethel Margaret MacDonald* he has given us a memoir of that splendid woman, his wife, that is a model of skill and good taste. It has been described by Mr. Masterman as 'one of the most moving short biographies in the language.' Even his political volumes bear evidence of having been written by one who is a rare combination of philosopher, poet, and scientist; while most of his writings, political and otherwise, are shot through with that gleam of religious mysticism which makes Mr. MacDonald an aloof, though not a lonely, figure.

The long list of his books may be found in *Who's Who*, but only those who have followed his career with minute personal interest and care have any idea either of the extent or the quality of his journalistic writings. He has of course written largely for many of the best journals, including the *Daily Chronicle* under Mr. James Milne's literary editorship. But much of his finest work has been done for papers like the Glasgow *Forward*, which, while having a large circulation among keenly intelligent working-class readers, are quite unknown in polite literary circles. It is characteristic of Mr. MacDonald that he should consistently have contributed to such journals work that would have graced the best-class reviews or literary organs. Somehow or other — Heaven only knows how — he has also found time to be an editor.

Mr. MacDonald has collected materials for a book on John Knox which he hopes some day to write. Another volume that we should like from him, when release from political duties brings opportunity, is his autobiography.

Not only would he have a fascinating story to tell, full of personal, historical, and social interest, but he has all the qualities that would enable him to make it at the same time a real contribution to literature.

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SCIENCE AND MODERN LIFE

BY DEAN INGE

From the *Morning Post, February* 18
(London Tory Daily)

A few years ago Professor Aliotta, of Padua, published an excellent book — which may be read in English — called *The Idealistic Reaction against Science.* Those who have not followed the course of modern philosophy may be surprised to hear that there is such a reaction.

But so it is.

The exaggerated rationalism of the last century, which threatened to enthrone materialism as the only tenable view of the universe, and to regard man as only the most cunning of nature's clocks, has provoked a vigorous revolt.

This revolt was assisted by dissensions within the ranks of Science itself. There had been disputes before; the geologists wanted much more time for the life of the earth than the physicists, before the discovery of radioactivity, were willing to allow them. But it marked a more radical change when biology declared that mechanical laws were insufficient to explain the phenomena of life, and when psychology began to claim a still greater independence of physics. At once there began a hue and cry against the naturalistic interpretation of reality. Agnosticism, Voluntarism, the Primacy of Practical Reason, Anglo-American Pragmatism, Activism, Bergsonianism, are all names of theories of knowledge which assail the rationalist's presentation of reality.

Encouraged by them, all manner of discarded superstitions, scotched but not killed in the last century, have again raised their heads and walk abroad unabashed. Theosophy, occultism, magic, spiritualism, necromancy, miracle-working, are enjoying a popularity and vogue which none, fifty years ago, would have thought possible.

And yet Science goes on its way unconcerned by these attacks. The study of natural law is the one obviously progressive branch of intellectual activity. In other subjects we hear laments that there is a dearth of genius and originality; but in physics and biology new discoveries are made every year, and researches are animated by a spirit of romance and adventure, as if nothing were impossible within their domain. Whatever objections may be brought by philosophers against naturalism as an interpretation of the universe, within its chosen province it indisputably works.

This being so, we can hardly doubt that the reaction of which Aliotta speaks is transitory if not superficial. The revelation which has come to our age has come through Science rather than through metaphysics or art or religion. The uniformity of nature, and the continuity of natural law, are hypotheses which the modern world for for the most part takes for granted. The old supernaturalistic dualism has almost disappeared from its last refuge, theology.

We think in terms of evolution, though that doctrine was partially discredited by being harnessed to a pseudo-philosophy of progress, a legacy of French revolutionary thought. The Utopias projected by imaginative writers of to-day are scientific Utopias in which disease and poverty have been banished, the burden of drudgery

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lightened, and in which new sources of wealth have been tapped.

It is in politics that the influence of Science is least felt. Its students are numerically a feeble folk, unable to impress themselves on the masses who now direct a nation's policy; and though modern democracy does not threaten to guillotine our Lavoisiers, 'having no need of chemists,' it is far from wishing to seek their advice.

And so the whole outlook of the man of science is perhaps further removed from what are considered practical politics than that of any other class. It is true that in what will one day be the most important branch of social science, eugenics, the experts are not in a hurry to advocate legislation — they recognize that their results are still too tentative; but it is ominous that the general public dislikes the study of heredity on quite other grounds than its slow progress. Antiscientific prejudice is a force with which we have to reckon seriously. Whether modern civilization will be saved or destroyed by Science is still uncertain. Science has not only abolished the chivalry of war; it has taught the belligerents to use devices which even twenty years ago would have been thought inconceivably barbarous. And far more destructive discoveries are probable.

There is, perhaps, a faint hope that the ruinousness of any future war may prevent its occurrence; but it is a faint hope; fear has caused far more wars than it has prevented. On the other side, we have visions of synthetic foods, of the tides harnessed in our service, and of distance almost abolished by new modes of communication and transit. The world has been more changed to the last hundred years than in the two thousand years which went before. What will be its condition in 2000?

Science, then, has the future of humanity in its hands. And yet we must remember that Science cannot provide us with a religion or a philosophy. Reality is best regarded as a kingdom of values, and modern thinkers are agreed in enumerating three ultimate values, each standing in its own right, and refusing to be made a means to any other — namely, Truth, Beauty, and Goodness. The world as known to Science is not really put together out of the electrons in motion, which are the last term of the analysis of matter. The mind brings far more to the construction than is usually realized.

The conception of natural law — the universality of a single harmonious principle — is the value which the man of science seeks to justify by his researches. But the other supreme values, Beauty and Goodness, have equal claims upon us; and Science, for her own purposes, disregards the æsthetic and the religious demands of human nature. We therefore need a philosophy which will do justice to Art and Religion as well as to Science.

The old dogmatic materialism, even when disguised as 'epiphenomenalism,' is out of date. And equally out of date is the agnosticism which asserts that we can know phenomena, but not the things of the spirit. Those who suppose there is anything more solidly real than the objects of the religious consciousness know not what they say.

The difficulties caused by this triple revelation of the Eternal, as Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, can never be wholly solved. Science is now free from alien control, and can develop itself, as it is doing, with exultant confidence. But while the guidance of civilization passes more and more into its hands, it must remember its self-chosen limitations, and learn from philosophy that the deepest questions are qualitative rather than quantitative — in other words, that ultimate reality is spiritual.

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE

From the *Saturday Review, February* 16
(London Conservative Weekly)

More than twenty years ago one of our most eminent critics of Victorian literature rashly committed himself to the statement that Anthony Trollope's novels were not only dead, but 'dead beyond any possibility of resurrection.' This heresy provoked immediate counterblasts, notably from Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Frederick Harrison, who both ventured to claim for Trollope, if not exactly an eternity of fame, at any rate a constant supply of readers till well into the twenty-first century. So far the world is with them, if we may judge from the numerous reissues of Trollope's best novels in the last twenty years, both in England and in America. The latest of these is Messrs. Bell's handy reprint of their eight-volume edition of the Barsetshire stories, with an excellent introduction by Mr. Harrison.

It is enough to say that to our own taste there are few novelists who surpass Trollope in his appeal at certain moments — the moments when a reader wants to be pleasantly entertained without any strain being put on his mind. The quiet even flow of the Barsetshire stories, never wildly exciting but never really dull, touched with lambent humor and full of a genial and placid interest in trivial folks, lulls a reader to forgetfulness of the outside world almost as surely as the scampering vivacity of Dumas or the broad humanism of Scott. There are few readers in these sophisticated days who take Trollope's creations so seriously as he did when he was inventing them, and when he wrote: —

> I have wandered about among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with my pen in my hand and drive them before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel.

The pace never varied much, however: two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour was Trollope's regular stint, for two and a half hours before breakfast every morning. If the one confession savors of the mysterious quality known as inspiration, the other brings us down to a much more pedestrian level of work. Yet we must not forget that Scott produced practically the whole of the Waverley Novels in the same fashion. When his visitors saw that he had finished the three or four letters — conceived on the ampler scale of a day when the recipient had to pay the postage — which they thought that he was writing, another sheet of *Quentin Durward* or *Redgauntlet* was ready for the printer.

It is not merely, however, because Trollope's best work is so placidly pleasant to read that we agree with Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Harrison in claiming for him the modified immortality of the twenty-first century. He has another and even rarer merit, in presenting what Mr. Harrison justly calls a singularly faithful portrait of English society in the middle of the Victorian era. Trollope himself was proud to think that he had produced a section of social history in writing fiction for his bread. He was never better pleased with any criticism than when Nathaniel Hawthorne, recalling one of Grimm's fairy-tales, said that his books were 'just as real as if some

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giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of,' something like the ants' nests that used to be a popular exhibit in Mr. Gamage's children's bazaar.

The marvelous thing is that Trollope painted the life of Barsetshire with the minute fidelity which his contemporary and well-informed critics unite in praising, without apparently having any direct personal knowledge of its inner circles. He tells us himself that he was often asked when he had lived in a cathedral close and become intimate with archdeacons; and had been able to answer that he had never lived in a close and had never spoken to an archdeacon, but had evolved Dr. Grantley 'out of his moral consciousness.' This statement, made in his later years, is somewhat at variance with the concluding paragraph of the *Last Chronicle of Barset*, though possibly that was 'spoken according to the trick'; the time had not come for all the secrets of the desk to be revealed.

'As an old contemporary of these distant ages myself,' says Mr. Harrison, 'as one who knew Trollope in the flesh, who met him in the very world of clubs, society, and official anterooms he paints, who has known parsonages and cathedral closes, and seen a bishop's palace in the old days, I will vouch for the faithful presentment of these Barsetshire novels.'

In the other series of political novels, extending from *Can You Forgive Her?* to *The Prime Minister*, Trollope shows the same uncanny power of taking his reader behind the scenes of Whitehall and Downing Street. He is, so far as we know, the only novelist who ever ventured to describe a meeting of the British Cabinet, and that in an age when Cabinet secrets were much better kept than they are to-day. The few who really knew admitted that he had got wonderfully close to verisimilitude in that matter, although Mr. Gresham was not Mr. Gladstone, nor Mr. Daubeny Mr. Disraeli, nor Mr. Monk John Bright. Trollope never descended to caricature, nor even to the then imperfect art of photography. Perhaps for that very reason his political portraits give us as lively a sense of their reality and lifelikeness as those of Lord Beaconsfield in *Lothair* and *Endymion*.

It may have been some underground working of the subliminal consciousness — the only scientific attempt to explain this form of inspiration — which thus enabled Trollope to project his imagination into an alien world and bring it back to his desk with realities sticking to it. However he did it, there is no question as to the truthfulness of his pictures. He is as much at home on the unknown territory of the Barchester close and the Colonial Office as on the familiar ground of the hunting-field and the Inland Navigation. Even the legal problems in which he was fond of dabbling — usually a fertile source of trouble to novelists — are said to present no essential flaw in the eyes of Victorian lawyers. How he managed it all, Heaven only knows, but the fact is not seriously questioned by those who were in the best position to judge at the time.

Even if the world ever gets too serious to care about novels as mere sources of amusement — and some of our modern novelists appear anxious to help it on that path — Trollope's books will continue to be read for information as to the social life of that curious Victorian age which he depicted so fully and lovingly. Perhaps that is his surest guaranty for the immortality which he officially but vainly hoped to attain by his invaluable invention of the postal pillar-box.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A SUSSEX SONG

BY THOMAS SHARP

[*Poems*]

THE white road leads to London Town,
By hamlet, hill, and hollow,
The green path winds to Chancton Down,
Now which one shall we follow?

Oh, London streets are paved with gold,
But who would be for changing
The wizard wealth of wood and wold
For metal joy-estranging?

So foot it we across the field,
And climb the low stile over:
Mount, and for us the widening weald,
The drifted scent of clover,

Cloud-armies mustering silently,
Their shadowy ranks retreating
Over the Down, and glimpse of sea
Where sea and sky are meeting.

The white road leads to London Town
By hamlet, hill, and hollow,
The green path winds to Chancton Down,
And that 's the one we 'll follow.

ENCHANTMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGE

BY DAVID CECIL

[*Spectator*]

LONDON is beautiful, I know
Its sooty churches chalked with white,
The quiet squares where plane trees grow
And lamplit street on rainy night.

Beauty of light and fog and dark,
And yet my heart within me turns
To lands in woodcut books I mark,
For missal lands my spirit yearns.

Where everything is flat and bright
With colors definite and clean,
Where roads turn dazzlingly white
Through forests square and neat and green.

The little cities, twisted, tall,
Stand up on hills more steep than high,
Each red machicolated wall
Seen clear against the clearer sky.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'LE TOMBEAU SOUS L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE'

THE Unknown Soldier of France, who in his horizon blue sleeps forever beneath the Arc de Triomphe, is the hero of M. Paul Raynal's three-act tragedy, *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*, a play that roused its first Paris audience to a fury of indignation — amid which a few broad-minded individuals demanding that it be heard to the end were summarily brushed aside — and to scenes of violence such as the Comédie-Française has not witnessed for a century.

The anonymity of the national shrine is respected. Even in the theatre the Soldier of France remains Unknown and unnamed. He is represented as a wealthy young landowner, who in spite of his position has elected to serve as a simple soldier, and who is returning on his first leave of four days — four days after fourteen months at the front — at the close of the Champagne offensive, on which the French public then set all its hopes. The people believe the war is won. Only the soldiers know how long it must still go on — and between the soldier and the people is the censor.

It is late at night when the curtain rises to show the Soldier's widowed father and his fiancée, made an orphan during the war, impatiently awaiting the motor which has been sent to meet him. He comes, and there is a moment of joyous reunion before the shadow of the war settles once more — settles, that is, over the Soldier, for the whole thought of the play is that the people behind the lines, safe, quiet, and at peace, who have never felt the war, have long ago sunk back into the careless, comfortable ways of less terrifying times.

'He' — for the Unknown Soldier can be given no name — asks eagerly whether a telegram has come. There is a telegram. The worst he feared is true. His leave is cancelled, he must return at once, and his marriage, which was to take place during the four days' leave, must be postponed again, for the train that will bear him back to the front leaves early in the morning, and there is no time for the interminable formalities required by French law. Exhausted, his father — who in the play is always referred to as 'Le Vieux' and not as 'Le Père,' standing as he does symbolically for the entire older generation — goes off to rest before the time comes for the inevitable farewell.

Heart-broken at the thought of her lover's going again to the firing line, Aude, his fiancée, offers herself to him. In heart and soul she is his wife already. The Soldier at first hesitates, then summons the spirits of his slain comrades to be witnesses of what both regard as a marriage: —

HE. My friends, my lost friends, who in happier times would have been here, where are they? I bid them to my wedding. If they were alive, they would be at their posts of duty, but being dead they may come here. I await them, and they will come — not as the war has shattered them, not with their gaping wounds pouring a flood of red over the coarse blue cloth. No. They will come — upright, life beating its holy cadence in their veins, carefree and generous, clothed like myself for blessed peace. There would be no joy without them. I summon them.

SHE (*terrified*). But — if they heard!

HE. I hope they do.

SHE. And came?

HE. They have heard me.

SHE. It seems almost as if they were here, all about us.

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HE. (*with authority*). They *are* here.
SHE. Here?
HE. They surround us.
SHE. I am afraid.
HE. They are smiling at you.
SHE (*humbly*). They are welcome.
HE (*lifting a glass from the table*). I drink to our happiness.
SHE. To our happiness authorized by them.
HE. Hailed by them.
SHE. Consecrated by them.

The second act, in which M. Raynal boldly challenges comparison with Shakespeare (as Rostand did in *Cyrano*), passes in the nuptial chamber, just before the dawn, as they prepare to part. Each has something to confess. In the long months of separation, Aude's love has sometimes been near wavering, though there is not a disloyal fibre in her, body or soul. And the Soldier has bitter news. The people have been deceived. The last great offensive was not a victory as they have been led to believe. The war will not end in an early victory. Its outcome is still in doubt, and it will go on and on and on.

There is still worse to be told. To get his leave the Soldier has pledged himself to a desperate task. Certain death awaits him when he returns to the front, and as he tells her this the dawn begins to kindle: —

SHE. Look! No, do not look! Did you see it there, on the livid glass of the window? It is the dawn. No, no, it is not! Say it is not, say it is not the dawn!
HE (*erect, brave*). It *is* the dawn.
SHE. I hate it. It is the war in person, pale as a winding-sheet. It takes you from me, it has conquered us. Go, then, go and die. It is what the dawn would have. Horrible dawn — the end of everything!

Then comes the scene of farewell, in which the old father surprises the lovers' secret and reproaches his son with having betrayed his fiancée. All the bitterness of the soldier on the firing line against the civilian safe in the rear bursts out in fierce reproaches. 'Ah!' exclaims the Soldier. 'War, so delightful to the old! How could you help liking it? How good it is to be old! Privilege without parallel in the history of the world: the old have regained possession of the earth. The young men are gone. The old men have become men again!'

The Soldier heaps reproach upon reproach. His father sits comfortably at home adding to his own estate his son's, which had been inherited from the dead mother, his old age soothed and made agreeable by the ministrations of his son's fiancée, while that son is in the mud of the trenches, every moment in danger of his life. The father, not yet aware that his son will be a dead man within a day or two, cries out in a paroxysm of anger that he deserves to die. Aude, listening in agony, tries to enlighten the furious old man, who cries contemptuously: 'There are always more farewells than dead men!'

Only when the girl recoils before him with a disgusted '*Vous me faîtes horreur!*' does the father realize his position. Penitent as the truth comes to him, conscious now that his own generation owes all that it has to the generation that is dying in the trenches, he sinks before his son to ask forgiveness. There is a final reconciliation before the Soldier, heroic and unselfish to the last, bids his wife — for as such he now regards her — to marry again, but only a man who has been on the firing line; says quietly, 'Be happy'; and rushes to the motor which waits to bear him to the train, to the trenches, to war, and to the death that all know is inevitable.

Such is the play that has created scenes of wilder confusion than any since the production of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* established the success of the Romantic Movement in 1830. Orig-

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inally rejected by the reading committee, it was accepted on subsequent consideration. Sensational newspaper dispatches cabled to America have sought to represent it as a mere bit of boulevard pornography — which is gross injustice. Those who are not suffused with blushes over *Romeo and Juliet* will find nothing to disturb them, for, whatever else *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe* may be, it is not an ignoble play. It was conceived in the lofty mood. Whether M. Raynal succeeds in transmitting his mood to his audience — the test by which a dramatist must stand or fall — is quite another question.

The play is an artist's serious attempt to place on the stage the conflict of two generations that are further asunder than youth and age have ever been before, and also to depict the immensity of the gulf that severs the soldier at the front from the civilian in the rear.

The privileged few who witnessed the *répétition générale* which preceded the public performance expressed their disapprobation of the second act; but much of the indignation of the later audiences is due to the Soldier's want of filial respect in the third, for the reverence due to Age is — in France as elsewhere — being rather grudgingly rendered by the generation which Age so airily presented with the privilege of fighting a world war. The furious scene between father and son scandalizes the notions of domestic propriety entertained by the average Parisian theatregoer, who is in other respects entirely casehardened. Most of the critics have had words of mild praise, though all find the play inferior to *Maître de son cœur*, with which M. Raynal first established his reputation.

M. Raynal flounders a bit with his symbolism. He might have fared better if he had been content to tell a story and let the story provide its own implications, instead of which he has plastered moral lessons all over the dialogue and only achieved a scandal and an accusation of immorality in the end! Shakespeare — for the scene at dawn necessitates the cruelest of comparisons — Shakespeare was primarily concerned to adorn a tale, where M. Raynal is laboriously intent to point several morals, whence his comparative failure — for, great though it may be in intention, *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe* must be written down a not very magnificent failure.

It is, to be sure, a little hard on any playwright to be compared with the greatest of all dramatists; but when the modern writer courts the comparison, what else can he expect?

✽

KUBELIK IN VIENNA

Julius Korngold, musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, but perhaps better known as the father of the youthful composer, Erich Korngold, professes to have detected a falling-off in the art of Ján Kubelik at the violinist's last appearance in Vienna.

'There was a time,' he writes, 'when Ján Kubelik's violin-playing owed its success to its ease and sweetness. Today, however, a perceptible nervousness makes itself apparent in both tone and technique of the artist, whose graying head has taken on more character than his Beethoven playing, where no genuine increase of seriousness is to be recognized. In his correctness and objectivity, as well as in an unexpected flagging of his energy, the older Kubelik somewhat recalls his famous countryman, Ondriczek, in his latter days.'

✽

DIGGING FOR DINOSAURS

The British Museum is dispatching an expedition to Tanganyika Territory

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(formerly German East Africa) to investigate the lower cretaceous rocks at Tendaguru on the Mobrukuru River, where German palæontologists had begun work before the war, with such success that twenty tons of dinosaur bones now repose in Berlin museums as the result of their labors. The expedition will be under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Cutler, a Fellow of the London Zoölogical Society and formerly of the University of Manitoba. During the rainy season the expedition will be forced to abandon the dinosaur beds and turn to more recent strata, which are believed to be rich in mammalian remains.

The investigators will sail direct to Dar es Salaam and will make their way into the interior with Swahili porters, remaining in the field for two years. The scene of their studies will be country completely covered by the bush and the perils they will run will not be slight, for there will be fever, snakes, and disease-bearing insects on every hand.

✽

THE BATTLE OVER TUTANKHAMEN

THE action of the Egyptian Government in closing the tomb of Tutankhamen is almost unanimously condemned by the British press — partly, no doubt, because it comes so soon after the accession to power of Britain's avowed foe, Zaghlul Pasha. The chief points at issue are the distribution of the treasure and the rights of publication, but the recently acquired independence of Egypt and the still more recent accession to power of the Zaghlul Ministry very likely have something to do with a storm that has long been brewing. Mr. Howard Carter, supported by a number of eminent Egyptologists, alleges a series of petty annoyances by the Government, which culminated when he was not allowed to admit to the tomb the wives of the Egyptologists who are advising him.

Section 11 of the Egyptian Antiquities Act of 1912 provides for a 50 per cent division of antiquities between the discoverer and the Egyptian Antiquities Service, which is directed by a French scholar, M. Pierre Lacau. The Egyptian Government, however, under Section 9 of the Act is entitled to lay entire claim to 'tombs which are discovered intact.' Mr. Carter asserts that as Tutankhamen's tomb had obviously been visited by thieves — probably about three thousand years ago — it does not fall under this classification. 'Nemo,' who writes a weekly column for the London *Outlook*, says: —

> Outrageous is the only term that properly describes the behavior of the Egyptians toward Mr. Howard Carter and his coworkers in the Valley of the Kings. The whole world will regret the sordid quarrel that has arisen, but I do not see how the excavators could have done other than 'down tools' in the face of the continued insults of these hysterical children who are playing at self-government.

The *Saturday Review* predicts a loss of public interest in the whole subject, due to the squabble: 'That gorgeous Eastern spectacle, "The Tomb of Tutankhamen," has had a long run and seems likely to continue indefinitely. . . . We hope the culminating act will achieve its proper success, but it seems just possible that the audience may be asleep.'

The *Manchester Guardian* gives utterance to an opinion which must be, though seldom expressed, almost world-wide, when it deplores 'the sinking of the heart with which we must contemplate our little selves exchanging heated retorts in the face of something which is full of a grave and solemn majesty, like this tomb and body of a long-dead Pharaoh whom we have ourselves disturbed.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Palestine Notebook, 1918–1923, by C. R. Ashbee. London: Heinemann, 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

In the summer of 1918 the war flung Mr. Ashbee, full of civic and artistic enthusiasm, into that little whirlpool of religious, sectarian, and political animosities we know as Jerusalem. In that city there met a small group of people, each filled with some ideal, each very hopeful: and indeed so long as soldiers remained in charge, hope seemed justified. The story of this book, however, is that of the collapse of these hopes under the civil administration, yet it is fascinating because Mr. Ashbee's wisdom is drawn from many sources as well as from his own sensitive, cultured mind. And, although his analyses of character are superficial, the book is valuable because it tells without rancor of what always happens in such situations, and always will happen, in spite of Mr. Ashbee's hopes.

Alas for the manufacture of ideals! As the Shaikh said in one of those delicious, outspoken Anatole France conversations that give the book literary value, 'Say not to the singer, Sing, nor to the dancer, Dance. Things come round of themselves. It is only monkeys and politicians that run after each other's tails.' But arts and crafts and all that Mr. Ashbee stands for? Again alas! The old glassmaker said, '*Mafish baraka*' — 'There is no blessing.' This was phrased rather differently by another of Mr. Ashbee's characters, one with a gift of satire — 'There was no political capital, no progapanda in it.' The book is full of remarks, genial or caustic, one will wish from time to time to turn up. But there is no index.

Thomas l'Imposteur, by Jean Cocteau. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, December 1923.

[*Indépendance Belge*]

M. Jean Cocteau is a deceptive writer. Various and diverse, he passes from one manner to another like a malicious hobgoblin who amuses himself by mocking us. After having begun by publishing 'difficult' works of a laboriously sought originality, like *Le Potomak* or *Le coq et l'arlequin*, after having been a violent Dadaist, we saw him in *Le grand écart* solemnly adopting the traditional form of the novel, to tell the story of a young man of the most perfect banality. He remains faithful to the form of the novel in *Thomas l'Imposteur*, which is a short work dealing with the war.

Guillaume Thomas, the central figure of the tale, is an heroic gamin who plays with life and death alike and adorns himself with a name not his own, not for the sake of any advantage and not for the purpose of slacking, but on the contrary for the purpose of getting directly under the shells in the first lines. There, perhaps, he will find what he is seeking: the German bullet which will put an end to his terrestrial adventures. Simply, without extraordinary metaphors, without complexities of any sort, M. Cocteau contrives to interest us in his hero and even to move us with his lot. But how far we are in this book — though we need not complain of that — from works like *Les mariés de la Tour Eiffel* and *Le bœuf sur le toit!*

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, by John Beresford. London: R. Cobden-Sanderson, 1923. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

[Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*]

Mr. John Beresford, the author of this fascinating volume of *Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, is an interpreter of true mettle, and his essays will be a delight to all amateur students of the past. His object, in his own words, is 'to throw a little light on the actual life of particular persons in different classes of society, who lived some two or three centuries ago'; and to provide that light he has concentrated into a single focus the wandering gleams of many varied records. The general historian, working on a large plane, has perforce to select and condense. The gossip, choosing one character or episode for his study, is privileged to bring it into relief and to illustrate its significance by the orderly accumulation of details.

Mr. Beresford practises this gentle art with a charming adroitness. He surveys the Melbourne manuscripts, and extracts a delightful picture of the Derbyshire Cokes in the reign of Queen Anne. He collects all the available information with regard to the scapegrace son of the great John Donne, the dean and poet, and by shrewd sifting of the evidence proves the son to have been by no means so unworthy of his parentage as common report has hitherto represented. He shows himself to be a discriminating literary critic in the course of a scholarly and sensitive study of the religious poems of George Herbert. And finally, in two particularly illuminating essays, dealing with Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and with the execution of King Charles I, he brings together into a little space more graphic detail and human interest than have been accessible upon these subjects in any existing

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history or historical monograph. These two studies are the outstanding contributions to the volume, and they invite both careful consideration and unstinted praise.

Shakespeare's Fellows, by G. B. Harrison. London: John Lane, 1923. 6*s.* net.

[*Spectator*]

FROM the gay tradition of literary history to the test tube and crucible of critical bibliography is a far cry, but the panorama of Elizabethan literary life needs both. The helter-skelter life of the playwright, Ben Jonson killing and Kit Marlowe killed, Dekker bailed out of jail, Greene forcing a suitor to eat a sandwich of his writ, Shakespeare becoming respectable, impecuniosity and borrowings, brawls and misery, all come together here in a vivid narrative. Far from thinking of posterity, Greene and Dekker and Drayton and Jonson wrote plays for bread and butter in three weeks, cobbled old plots, wrote happy endings, helped in the business rivalry of the theatres, sold their plays to both companies, collaborated amid revelry at the 'Sun' or the 'Mermaid.' It was a life more human than the histories would have it, less romantic than the blazonry of legend. Mr. Harrison whittles away the Mermaid Club and would have us believe it no more than a Café Royal legend of the nineties, gone three hundred years astray, with Francis Beaumont dazzled by the heavy beauty of a Chestertonian Ben Jonson. Alas! for our dreams, but we could do with more of these sure-footed wanderings amid jumbled research.

Nightcaps: The Gentle Art of Reading in Bed, by E. B. Osborn. London: G. Bell & Sons, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

WHAT is a good bedside book? The present writer, having hopelessly ruined his eyesight in the 1860's by the nocturnal perusal — in blank defiance of parental prohibition, and by the light of nefariously procured candle-ends — of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* and *Jack Harkaway's School Days*, and still retaining what M. Anatole France justly calls '*cette funeste habitude*' of reading in bed, at an age when he ought to know much better, may claim to be something of an authority on the subject. And it is his opinion that there is no such thing as a 'good' bedside book. Bed is a place to sleep in, and the best bedside book would be one which sent the reader most expeditiously to sleep — that is, a dull book, which could not be a good book. Tried by that surely unexceptionable test, Mr. Osborn's volume, deceptively christened *Nightcaps*, is anything but a good book. A delightful and most interesting preface irresistibly leads on the nocturnal reader to further incursions. He turns the leaves, and happens on a passage from old Froissart: —

> Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
> And banners wave, and trumpet sounds,
> And mighty warriors sweep along,
> Magnified by the purple mist,
> The dusk of centuries and of song —

and, finding nothing particularly soporific in a narration which, as Scott said, 'hurries us along into the whirlpool of battle,' he tries what Mr. Osborn calls 'the eupeptic diaries' of Pepys and Dr. John Rutty, which may aid digestion, but do not provoke slumber. A brief visit to the Abbey of Thelema leads on irresistibly to the pages consecrated to Montaigne, who ought to have lived there. A dissertation on 'The Greatest Poetry' stimulates the reader to an inquiry whether or not he agrees with the writer as to what is great poetry and what makes it so. And so the hours slip by, till the smell of the morning's coffee and the sizzling of the matutinal rasher inform the reader that he has lost another night's sleep and gained another delightful literary memory.

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